In this Territory our Soldiers and Adherents number 112,000. Our 25 Social Institutions, 413 Corps and Outposts also exist for soul-saving work. 307 Bandsmen and 2,037 Local Officers give spare time to pushing the Army's work.

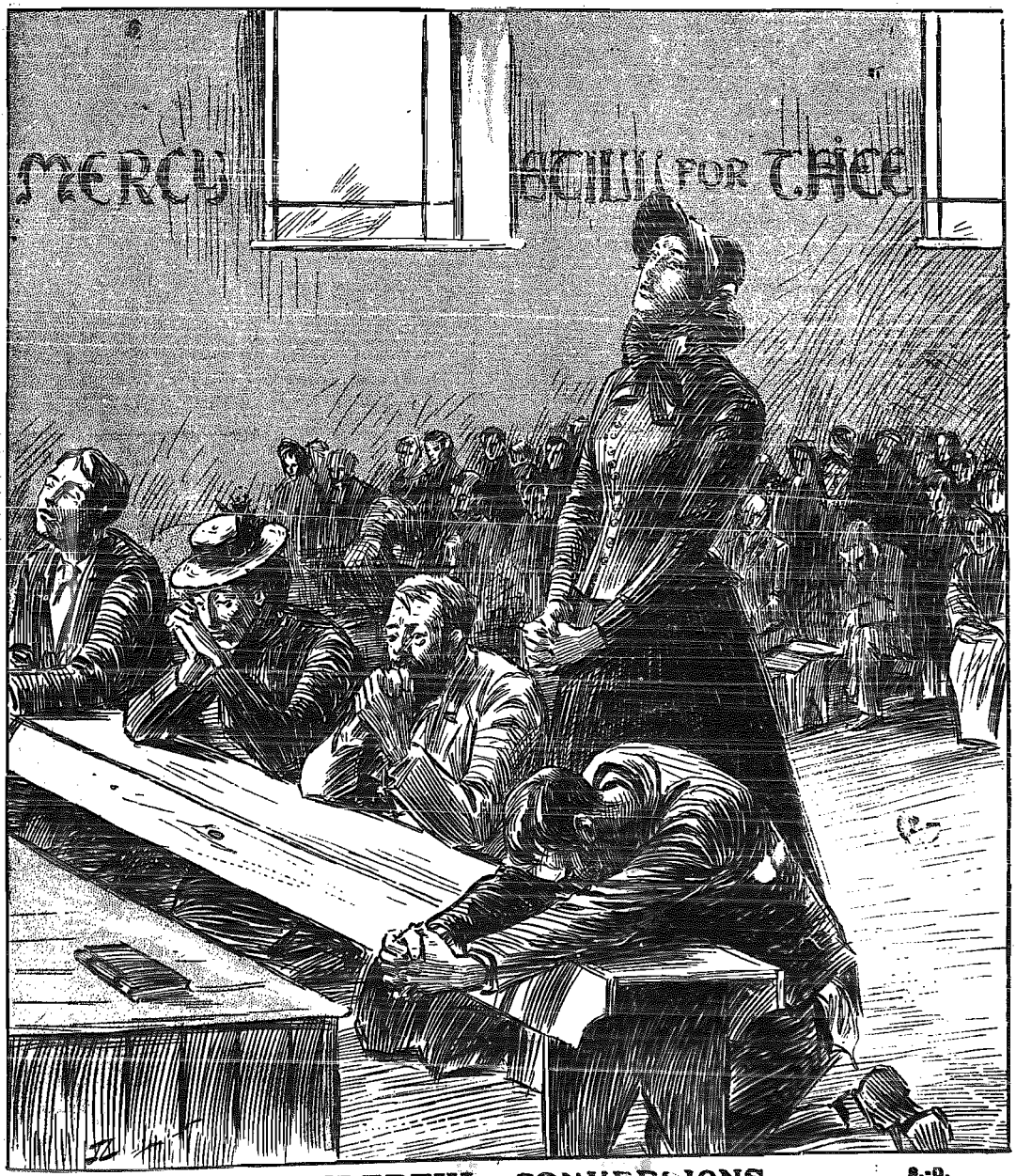
THE

THE SALVATION ARMY operates in 41 Countries and Colonies, has 12,199 Officers fully engaged in the work who hold 30,000 open-air meetings weekly. Newspapers, Magazines, Books, etc., issued in one year, 51,000,000.

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

VOL. II. No. 22. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, NOV. 14, 1896. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



S.-D. Nov. 22-28

WONDERFUL CONVERSIONS.

S.-D. Nov. 22-28

WONDERFUL CONVERSIONS!

A Marvellous Record of Some Present-Day Miracles as Witnessed in Connection with Salvation Army Operations in North-West America, Canada and Newfoundland, Demonstrating that the Lord is in the Midst of us, Mighty to Save. Hallelujah!

Fifty Years a Drunkard.

Color-Sergt. Peter Nicholson, of North Sydney, Gives His Experience for the Benefit of Other Drinkers.

Peter Nicholson drank rum, whiskey and beer very freely for upwards of 50 years of his life. He is now going into his 69th year, and also used to swear and blaspheme the name of God, and go into everything in the world, as far as means and money would allow him. He was liberal, and when drunk would treat all he came in contact with as long as his money lasted. He never used to be drunk more than a day or two at a time, as the whiskey sickened him, and then he would sober up. This prevented him falling a prey to the horrors.

God used the Army in piercing his heart, and in bitterness of soul he fell at the penitent-form and cried for mercy and deliverance. God revealed Himself there and then; the chains of habit were broken, and he felt sure his sins were forgiven. From that time up till the present he has had no reason to doubt his acceptance with God. It is now over seven years since it happened, and he feels well-saved to-day. As Color-Sergeant of the Corps, he is determined, by the grace of God, to live fight and die beneath the colors he carries.

He will vouch for the correctness of the above and give any other information, if desired. Address, Sergeant Peter Nicholson, North Sydney, Cape Breton.

ENSIGN W. J. PAYNE.

"Drunken Charlie," now Sergt.-Major Bell, Palmerston Corps.

He distinctly remembers drinking his beer at the age of eight, "to keep up his strength" when helping in the harvest field.

He was very little older when on the 5th of November he, with a number of others, got helplessly drunk, and was shut in a horse-stable for the night.

Once "Drunken Charlie," now Sergeant-Major Bell, of Palmerston, Ont.

He attributes to God's mercy the fact that he was not killed by a vicious horse, under whose feet he had crawled in his drunken stupor.

The logging-bees, chopping-bees, and all other bees, which were common in those days, were always enlivened by drink, and many times did he endanger his life while under its influence.

Gradually the demon,—drink—tightened his hold upon him, and

Worse and Worse

did he become — . Army opened fire in Palmerston—

One by one different members of this family got saved, until at last he, too, surrendered to God.

This was eleven years ago, and still the fire burns, making it a delight to drive over five miles in all kinds of weather to be at his post.

The Once "Drunken Charlie"

is now Sergeant-Major of the Palmerston Corps; his wife is a Soldier, also a daughter and son-in-law, while two of his sons are bandsmen, one of them,—Fred,—being the bandmaster.

Our comrade has also been blest in his temporal affairs, and I am glad to say that he is showing his gratitude in a practical way.—Adjutant Taylor.

A WESTERN GAMBLER CONVERTED.

He Felt so Good he Gave the Army $15—He is now a Lieutenant.

There has been some wonderful cases of conversion here since opening, but the most noted one is a young man who had travelled through the West, who was arrested by the drum one Sunday

A Gambler gets Saved in North Dakota and Feels so Good he Gives the Captain $15.

while in one of the hotels gambling. He left the gambling table, came to the hall, got saved, and pulling out $15.00, gave it to help on the work of the Salvation Army, stating he had made it during the day gambling. He became a Soldier, and to-day is an Officer, stationed at the Capital of this State as Lieutenant. His blood can make the vilest clean.

John S. Gale, Adjutant.
Fargo.

GEORGE MOORE, of Perth.

A Saved Drunkard Broke the Pledge—Spent the Minister's Dollar—Saved Through the Efforts of an Ex-Booser.

"I was a terrible drunkard; in fact, one of the worst in town. Oftentimes I would leave my work in the saw-mill and go off on a spree. I would do anything to get a drink of whiskey. One day, when my money was spent, I felt I would like to get a drink, but did not know how it was to be got. However, at last I resolved I would take the pledge. I went to a minister in the town, and told him I wanted to sign the pledge. The pledge was written out, and I signed it, and to give me a little encouragement,

He Handed me a Dollar.

I had not been out of his presence long, when the temptation came to me again, and having the dollar in my pocket I went in and treated the resolution.

"However, after this I straightened up for a while and kept sober for a month or two.

"I could never muster courage to stand round an open-air meeting. I knew the Army was right, and it used to make me feel miserable whenever I met them. At last a Brother (an ex-drunk) came to my house one night, and invited me to go to the meeting with him. I accepted the invitation and went. That afternoon a friend that had been visiting me sang a verse of an Army song. It was, "I have a message from Jesus." This sent the conviction deeper into my soul. That night I knelt at the Army penitent-form and gave myself to God. This was Thursday night. Oh, I remember how dark everything seemed, but I trusted God, and on Sunday, while marching down the street with the Army, the light streamed into my soul: I realized I was saved.

"God has helped me for the past seven months. My life is bright: my home is now a heaven, and I am living to bring others to the Saviour I have found."

A WIFE-DESERTER,

And Noted Drunkard Converted at Calgary—Fiendish Temper Tamed by Christ of Calvary.

John Davies is indeed a trophy of grace. The first thing he can remember was lifting his hand to strike his mother. His father was a notorious gambler, and Brother Davies grew up amongst gamblers and drunkards. As a result of such associations, he soon became a drunkard himself.

He had a fiendish temper. In fits of passion he would leave his wife without a word, and she would never hear of him for two or three years at a time.

As far back as he can remember his thoughts were all sinful. Nothing seemed too bad for him to think of or do. He says no words can express the depths of sin he had passed through.

On the 8th of March last, God spoke to him in an Army meeting and said, "Now, or Never!"

He decided it should be "Now," and fell at Jesus' feet, in repentance and faith.

He arose a new creature in Christ Jesus, the very desire for sin all gone. His favorite chorus is:

"He breaks the power of canceled sin.
He sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood avails for me."

MRS. E. FROST.
Calgary.

"Friends, God has taken away the very desire for drink."

How sour sweet music is, when time is broke, and no proportion kept. So it is in the music of men's lives.

An Ex-Franciscan Monk.

From Monastery to Gambling House—Saved in a Slum Corps in Chicago.

The Army is noted for the wonderful cases of conversion it accomplishes, and one of the most remarkable "captures" is an ex-Franciscan monk.

Brother Albert Buhler, once a Franciscan Monk in Switzerland, now a Salvationist in Ontario.

For ten years and a-half, Albert Buhler was a monk in various monasteries in Switzerland. After close study of the Bible he was convinced that his experience and profession of the divine life was not in accord with the same, and conscientiously could not be a mediator between God and man, as his position of a monk signified: he was not able to show that spiritual life and example that was expected by the people to be manifested by a monk.

Becoming discouraged in his attempts to live a model Christian life, he finally decided to abandon all pretences of Christianity, and forsook his church and came to America, where having thrown to the winds all religious training and connections, he soon found the path that leads downwards, finally becoming a skeptic.

While working for his brother in a Chicago gambling house, he attended Salvation Army meetings in one of our slum Corps and got saved.

For some time Buhler has been cooking in the Industrial Colony, and at the Men's Shelter in Toronto, but now is travelling with Captain Mountenay in aid of the Grace Before Meat work in Central Ontario.

Since then his father and two sisters have professed Salvation at their home in Switzerland, through reading the War Cry. A cousin also, and a brother who had been a secular priest got saved in the Army at Baltimore.

Brother Buhler first met the Army in Switzerland, when the Marechale was in charge of the work in France and Switzerland. He warned his people not to attend her meetings, as he had heard that General Booth professed to be Christ and his family were his "disciples of the inner circle."

When the Marechale was arrested he, with others, gave evidence against her in order to bring about her expulsion from the country.

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—Dr. Johnson.

If You Want a Share in this Glorious Work Enter Heartily into

SELF-DENIAL WEEK, November 22 to 29.

The Farm is the Place FOR Wonderful Conversions.

There's no place in the world where a greater number of "wonderful conversions" have occurred, in proportion to the number of people we work among, than the Social Farm. The Editor and his wife spent a Sunday at the Farm recently, and they both consider the Colonists about the jolliest, happiest crowd they have met for some time. One chap executed a "war dance" in great style. The men's rosy cheeks, bright eyes, full vests, and generally well-to-do appearance is a bonnie sight, especially with the light of Salvation shining through their faces.

ENSIGN DODD,
Overseer Industrial Colony, Toronto.

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent. of the men who have been supplied with permanent employment at the Farm have been hopefully converted during their stay with us, and as Mr. McKnight, the Queensland gum merchant, remarked, when there, "In view of the souls already saved the Farm has well repaid all the money and time spent on it." Would to God we had such a body-blessing, soul-saving and character-forming institution near every city in the Territory, and if the country wants the "out-of-works" permanently helped, they should see that the Army has the necessary funds to commence and keep afloat these most laudable enterprises.

A Horse Trader Converted.

William Clows Fainted Twice when the Devil was Coming Out of Him —A Marvellous Conversion.

Captain A. Boggs says: There have been many wonderful conversions at Summerside, P. E. I., but as some of the individuals who were converted are in other Corps now, I decided to tell you of Brother William Clows' conversion.

Previous to coming in contact with the Salvation Army, he lived a very sinful life, horse-trading, drinking, swearing, etc.

He never attended our meetings, but one night while on the street, he listened to an open-air meeting, and something that Captain Byers said started him thinking.

For three weeks he was under deep conviction; he came to some of the indoor meetings, and one night God's Spirit strove so mightily with him that he was quite overcome and

Fainted Twice

Then he cried for mercy. God heard him, forgave all his sins, and for the last five years he has walked in the way of peace, having no desire for the ways of sin.

When Brother Clows got saved, he couldn't read, but he became interested in trying to read the War Cry, and so learned to read. Now it is a great delight for him to read the War Cry through, and sometimes he sings a song from its pages. (God bless him and give power to his voice!—Ed.)

He thanks God every day for the wonderful power that has changed his life and delivered him from his evil ways.

He wears uniform, sells War Crys, and does all he can for Christ.

Love is the best thing on earth, but it is to be handled tenderly, and impatience is a nurse that kills it.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER SENDS A SELF-DENIAL MESSAGE

To Her Troops Throughout the Territory Just Previous to Embarking for Newfoundland.

Halifax, N.S., Oct. 30, 1896.

My Comrades throughout the Territory,—

I am just about to embark for Newfoundland. The pressure of the meetings and other affairs of the war on my time during this Eastern tour has been almost past telling, and now my opportunity of sending you all a final message through the War Cry before our great Self-Denial Battle commences is so nearly gone that it must necessarily be but brief.

My heart goes out specially to you all at this juncture, and I want to assure you of my continued prayerful interest during the coming Self-Denial Effort.

Of course it means that there must be very desperate fighting on the part of every individual officer and soldier if we are to reach the goal set before us, and as I look at what we have to accomplish there steals over my heart a sense of anxiety, and the question arises, "Will it be done?" "Shall we reach our target?"

But then I remember God, and His promises, so faithfully kept in days gone by, and looking up with my eye of faith on Him I dare to say "Yes, Lord, by Thy grace it shall be done."

I think, too, of where I am! I am in the Territory and amongst the Salvationists who have refused to know defeat, who have stood the hot fire of most severe testing and yet have come out triumphant, and as God's ordained leader of such troops I refuse to doubt you, but with the utmost confidence I rely on you each and all as my brave, undaunted, unconquerable officers and soldiers.

You will, I am sure, rally to the Flag, and as you have so often done before, carry the situation by storm, thus achieving to the glory of our Jesus and for the sake of those He redeemed by so great self-denial—another sweeping victory greater than ever was achieved before.

In full assurance of faith, as one with you in every stroke for victory, and depending, without hestiancy or fear on every man doing his duty,

I am, with love, and faith,

Your Commissioner with you for the Fighting and Victory,

Evangeline Booth

BOB, the Chimney Sweep.

A Brantford Trophy—One Hundred and Two Days in Jail.

Poor Bob! So well-known in Brantford and St. Thomas. Who ever thought he would get saved? Why, he never showed the least interest in anything religious!

"But did you never go to the Army even?" I asked.

"I did for a while in St. Thomas; my wife used to drag me out on a Sunday night, poor soul, other drunks had got saved in the Army, why not her husband?"

"I drank ever since I could remember,—from a baby. I was born in the regiment; my father and mother never prayed. I grew up a drunkard, people said I had drank too long to give it up, and that it would kill me to break off all at once.

[illegible] Seniors, $269.00; Juniors, $6.00.
G. B. M., $50.00.
Totals, Seniors, $4,041.00; Juniors, $599.00.

Challenges will be announced next week.

I have a post-card before me now, which says: "I challange Peterboro (may that, Adjutant Wiseman!) for Self-Denial. This is from our worthy and real friend, Adjutant Blackburn. I wonder what Peterboro and Cobourg will have to say to that. Compare their tarts, then watch for an interesting struggle.

What about the Juniors? Kingston throws down the gauntlet to the Province. Yes, goes further, and challenges any Junior Soldier Corps in the Territory. What does Montreal say? It was a very near thing last year. I would like to see this challenge responded to. Kingston is alive and means business.

102 Days in Jail.

"I finished a term in jail of 102 days on Saturday, July 4th, and of course I must celebrate it. I was run in again Tuesday night, but got off; probably they were discouraged with me, for it did not seem to do me much good to run me in. I have been in scores of times, and fined, too. It has cost me hundreds of dollars for fines.

"'I am going to change this,' I said to myself, and drunk as I was, I went and got saved; that was Saturday."

"How did you know you were saved?" I asked.

"Know! Why, I came in the Barracks like a chunk of lead and went home as light as a feather; my thoughts were changed, I was changed all over; that was just twelve weeks ago."

S. E. OTTAWAY.

ADJT. MAGEE, of the Quebec Shelter.

THIS SALVATION DESPERADO has visited about every house in Quebec, and, we understand, is generally respected by all classes and sects. He is a War Cry Boomer, too. If you live within ten miles of his Shelter and cannot get the War Cry easily and regularly drop Adjutant Magee a post-card, and he will supply you with invariable punctuality and politeness. Of course, you will not be surprised if he asks for a Self-Denial donation.

"THEY BARED THEIR BREASTS TO THE BAYONET POINT AND THE LIONS' TEETH . . . UPHOLDING THE STORY OF THE CROSS." The Field Commissioner's article "Love is All," about the martyrs, in next week's Cry, will move your soul to Self-Denial, November 22nd to 28th. Don't fail to read.

Practical Assistance

FOR THE ARMENIANS.

Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Francis Willard to the Rescue—150 Received at New York.

On learning of the sad lot of Armenian refugees at Marseilles, the General dispatched Staff-Captain Hodler hither, with the object of ascertaining whether the Army could do anything to mitigate the distress; and on Thursday night, Colonel Stitt, the Secretary for our International Social affairs, took the continental express for the South of France.

The services which Lady Henry Somerset and her coadjutor, Miss Francis Willard, have rendered the cause of distressed Armenians deserve hearty recog-

Color-Sergt. Peter Nicholson, [illegible] French Sydney, Gives His Experience for the Benefit of Other Drinkers.

Peter Nicholson drank rum, whiskey and beer very freely for upwards of years of his life. He is now going in his 69th year, and also used to swear and blaspheme the name of God, and into everything in the world, as far as means and money would allow him. He was liberal, and when drunk would treat all he came in contact with as long as his money lasted. He never used to be drunk more than a day or two at a time, as the whiskey sickened him, and then he would sober up. This prevented him falling a prey to the horrors.

God used the Army in piercing his heart, and in bitterness of soul he at the penitent-form and cried for mercy and deliverance. God revealed Him there and then; the chains of habit were broken, and he felt sure his sins were forgiven. From that time up till the present he has had no reason to doubt his acceptance with God. It is now

[illegible] intended to draft the Armenians to The Army's Farm Colony at the mouth of the Thames River, and such situations as can be found for them.

Nearly thirty men are quartered at the Bermondsey Elevator, recently opened by The General. A few are at the "Lighthouse." Our Women's Metropole is full of women and children, and a few married families; and a family has been nicely fixed up at Clapton. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg has adopted an Armenian child called Elene, and Staff-Captain Morgan bespoke one of the little girls.

Some among the refugees have their heads and arms and necks bandaged, showing how nearly they have been massacred.

American Assistance.

One hundred and fifty Armenians have recently arrived at New York. A large number of them were handed over to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who transferred them to an Army Farm at Ramsey, N. J., from where they will be distributed to various parts of the country when employment is secured for them.

Miss Mary Leitch and her sister, two well-known American missionaries from Ceylon, are in communication with our New York Headquarters regarding farms in South California and Denver, which may be of use for the settlement of the Armenian refugees.

Colonel Holland

takes temporary charge of the Armenian refugees, and will be assisted by Ensign Joseph Garabel (Joe the Turk), whose presence as interpreter will be very valuable.

The "Christian Herald,"

which has taken, from the first, an active interest in the Armenian question, has promised its powerful support to the efforts we are making on behalf of the refugees. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the generous and philanthropic proprietor, pledges himself to a liberal contribution towards the expenses. Mr. Greene, the secretary of the Armenian Relief Fund, also offers his hearty assistance and support, as also do

Miss Francis Willard and Dr. Kate Bushnell,

The Montreal "Witness" contains the following: A meeting will be held in New York in the interests of the barred out refugees, at which both Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker will speak. Mayor Strong, the Rev. DeWitt Talmage and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew are expected to be present.

One hundred and fifty Armenian refugees, en route to America, were provided with food at Paris by our Comrades, they having been thirty-two hours without a morsel to eat.

Side Lights on the Massacres.

The following incidents are gathered from the stories told the British War Cry representative at Marseilles by the Armenian refugees:

At Caesarea a man was tied by the ankles and hung up in a slaughter-house. Then the Turks stood at the door and cried to the passers-by, "Good, juicy meat! How much will you buy?" Slices of flesh were then cut from the poor fellow's body, until he died. His sufferings lasted for several hours.

At Bhluroun, the Turks killed every member of a rich Protestant family, except a married daughter remarkable for her beauty. They also spared her little boy of six. For five weary days she refused to renounce her faith, and on the sixth they set before her what they said was a young lamb which had been boiled. The distracted mother recognized the body of her child, and cried, "God help me to be faithful," whereupon the Mussulmans stabbed her till she died.

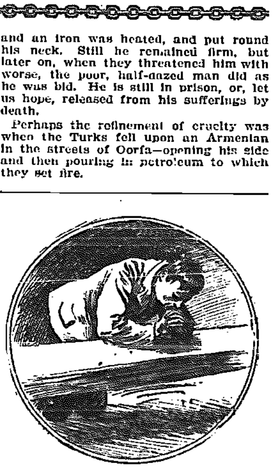
A terrible instance of fanaticism was that of a blind Turk, who besought his comrades to bring him an Armenian that he might kill him as a sacrifice to God. His request was granted; they brought him first one, then another, until he had killed several.

At Eintap (Alep) a butcher coaxed, with fruit and kind words, twelve little boys into his shop, then slew them one by one on the pavement in front.

At Constantinople a priest was ordered to bury an Armenian alive. The man pleaded with the priest, but the Turks stood over him till he had completed the shameful deed.

At Marash an Armenian priest was cast into prison, and a few days after a seditious letter was brought for him to sign. On refusing to do so, a hot iron was applied to his feet. Still he refused, and an iron was heated, and put round his neck. Still he remained firm, but later on, when they threatened him with worse, the poor, half-dazed man did as he was bid. He is still in prison, or, let us hope, released from his sufferings by death.

Perhaps the refinement of cruelty was when the Turks fell upon an Armenian in the streets of Oorfa—opening his side and then pouring in petroleum to which they set fire.



"Oh Lord, you've saved other drunkards, save me."

EASTWARD WITH THE COMMISSIONER.

Storms of Wind and Rain.

A Day of Wonders at Halifax—The Commissioner Upheld in Great Weakness—Makes an Indelible Impression Upon Consciences.

As predicted last week, the victory at St. John has paved the way for further contests as the Commissioner's tour sweeps onward.

The Halifax engagement has added another to the list of successes and inspires increased faith for the future.

The account of the departure from St. John from the lips of an eye-witness is quite thrilling. He says: "Has it not been said somewhere about somebody or something coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb? Just reverse that saying, and you have our arrival and departure at St. John. Oh, the rain! Oh, the wind! Oh, the springs of the horse that drove us to the depot! And then the baggage! Thou must not, cannot be forgotten! Oh, noble pile! Thy numbers so great, thy items so heavy, thy checks so numerous,—truly they will be remembered. But the wonder is that there was not more. Were we not a sort of miniature Headquarters on tour, for where the Commissioner is there must also be tremendous and weighty briefs of Territorial importance.

But battling with baggage and against

Hurricanes of Wind and Water,

the depot was reached, the train boarded, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and farewell cheers of those left behind, the Commissioner and her Staff steamed out of St. John.

The journey was not an uneventful one. The Commissioner's health gave cause for considerable anxiety. The result of the whirl and rush of the previous day's meetings, Councils and correspondence was only fully seen when the strain was released, and the railway journey commenced. The great

Kindness of the Railway Officials,

and the consideration which they showed our beloved Leader will not easily be forgotten, and lightened the fatigue of the journey.

The arrival at Halifax found the elements again in a rather disturbed condition. Had the roaring of the wind or the beating of the rain upon the window been heeded, some nervousness as to the result of the Campaign might have been experienced, but faith held on to the assurance of victory and looked ahead.

The Commissioner was not well enough to be able to be present at the morning meeting. In her absence it was taken by Major Howell in the No. 1 Barracks, where they had a good congregation and two volunteers for holiness.

Expectations were high for the night meeting. The Orpheus Hall had been secured and was soon crowded, for had not the announcement gone round that

Dead or Alive, the Commissioner Would be There,

though her prostrate condition looked unlike such a probability. Those who knew her had no doubts that she would strain every effort to seize the chance for eternity that the Halifax meeting afforded. An added excitement was the expectation that Colonel Jacobs would in all probability accompany the Commissioner. The Colonel is well-known and deservedly loved down East, seeing that he was in command of the Province for a number of years. When he put in his appearance the Soldiers and friends soon proved that they knew how to welcome an old friend.

The crowd was not disappointed: the Commissioner was at her post as promised, and though in evident weakness, was manifestly upheld by the prayers and faith of Officers and Soldiers around her.

The Commissioner's God-given power was wonderful. Could it be possible that

This Warrior, with Flashing Countenance,

who dealt out burning words to the hearts of the astonished crowd could be the one who had but an hour or two before been so completely prostrate? This fact alone must have made an impression lasting and deep upon the mind of those whose avowed motive in coming was one of curiosity to hear Miss Booth!

They had their wish,—they heard her, and more than that, they heard, too, the voice of God, as pricked consciences and uneasy hearts evidenced that

The Truth had Gone Home.

There was no misunderstanding and avoiding, no explaining it away, no getting round it, nor over it,—here was the summing up of the whole matter:

"Is God pleased with the life you are leading? At the Judgment Bar of God you will stand, not as you have professed to be, not what you have been thought to be,—but as you are!"

Scarcely a soul moved as the prayer-meeting was begun, and conviction ripened into definite work before that afternoon's meeting closed.

The evening meeting proved

The Orpheus Hall Far too Small

for the crowd that thronged it.

"Why didn't you get the Academy?" said one gentleman next day. But as it was, the result was glorious,—faith high, feeling intense, and crowds breathless, first with interest, and then with conviction! The Commissioner, inspired by the Holy Ghost, her words terrific with Heavenly force, resulted in a stirring scene of Salvation. Sins were exposed, healed, confessed and washed away.

The Colonel handled the prayer-meeting with dexterity, and eight souls were pulled into the net.

An uneffaceable mark has been made upon the city of Halifax for God and the Salvation War.

HELPLESS ARMENIA.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Sends a Message of Practical Sympathy to Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker's Meeting on Behalf of the Armenians, at Carnegie Hall, New York City.

"From the Rocky Mountains of the North-West, from hermit's hut and cave, from the shores of Newfoundland, Canada and North-West States, every Blood and Fire breast throbs deepest sympathy with the sufferings of the Armenians.

"Their wrongs and oppressions have torn our hearts. We have wept for them, we have suffered with them, we have stormed the Kingdom of Heaven on their behalf.

"Reckon on our continued sympathy, increasing faith let us help. We can take twenty."

The FIELD COMMISSIONER.

A SALOON-KEEPER SAVED.

Two Helena Miracles.

ADJUTANT AYRE, of Helena, says:

"There are two of our Soldiers here who were especially terrible characters before their conversion. One kept a saloon and sporting house, the other was a reglar bum and a tough. The latter had to be watched over and taken care of for a long time, but now he is saved and carrying on quite a nice trade as storekeeper.

The Drunkard's Home.

A BOY DRUNKARD.

Once a Brewer of Beer, now a Preacher of Salvation.

The first drunk John Webb remembers being on was at the age of fourteen.

He was sent to Amherstburg to get some groceries. The clerk in the store took him down cellar and filled him up with rum.

While getting out of the waggon to open the gate on his return home, the earth came up and struck him, at least so he thought.

* * * *

Before he reached the next gate he was fast asleep, and when he awoke he was in bed. (His mother was nearly broken-hearted over her boy getting drunk).

* * * *

Soon after this John Webb went to a barn-raising, where he again got filled up with whiskey. So he went on, generally speaking, drinking moderately, and once in a while getting on a spree, or going to dances and such like.

Some years later he went to Windsor Ont., where he got work in a brewery. That put the cap on it all. If he was not swimming in liquor, the liquor was swimming pretty freely in him. He attended the Salvation Army quite often, but the brewery people kept him away as much as possible.

His wife became a Soldier in the Army, and prayed and prayed for him, and so did the Officers and Soldiers.

At last God's Spirit was too strong for him, and he left the brewery the 15th of June, and got gloriously converted on Sunday, the 22nd of June. The Sergeant-Major, who lives opposite John Webb's home and sees him day by day, says John's conversion is wonderful indeed.

John is a recruit now, and as soon as possible will get into the red guernsey.

CAPTAIN N. SMITH, Essex.

Major Sharp, Adjutant Galt and Captain Bearchall visited Montreal II. Blessed time.

ELIJAH MORGAN.

At the Age of 13 Drinks His First Schooner of Beer—"Dirty Eight"—Salvation Army—Conversion—Training Home—Tent Brigade.

About the boyhood of Elijah Morgan it is not necessary to say much more than that a very early age he was inclined to be wild. When only thirteen years old he stepped into a saloon, and while he could scarcely see over the counter, he paid for and drank his first schooner of beer. About a year later he was employed in a stave factory for a wage of $2.50 to $3.00 per week, which was invariably spent in carousing with the boys, among whom he was a great favorite, on account of his fistic propensities. On one occasion he, with seven other companions, formed themselves into a secret organization, dubbing themselves the "Dirty Eight," whose principal aim was to make a band of

Professional Bad Men.

It was while in this crowd that he first saw the Salvation Army, but was not at all favorably impressed with them or their religion, and so didn't bother about them until some months later, when his brother asked him to go to the Salvation Army, as it was a great place to hang up.

"Down in the valley," with "Follow, follow I will follow, Jesus," was sung, and seemed to take hold of him, and thoughts of how nice it would be to start to be a Christian passed through his mind, but he had no intention of starting. In the prayer-meeting, the Captain came down and spoke to him, with the result he led him to the penitent-form.

For about a year and a-half he fought as a Soldier, when the call for the Army work came. He applied, was accepted, and after spending three and a-half months in training, was sent in charge of a Corps, and a very hard shop. Here God gave him the victory, and a successful work was done. Three seasons with a Tent Brigade and Staff Band followed. The Lord blessed his efforts in his next appointment, when orders came to take charge of another hard shop. Here his health gave way, and the doctors

Gave Him Three Weeks to Live.

Wishing to die at home, he, in spite of warnings from his District Officer and Officer friends, sent in his resignation. He had no sooner done so than he felt he had made a mistake, but would not retract. He didn't go home, nor yet did he die, but got well and strong again and got a situation, thinking, since he resigned, that the less he had to do with the Salvation Army, the better; he never went to an Army meeting.

Learning the painting and paper-hanging business, he got on well financially, but spiritually was dying very fast.

A companion painter, who was a Christian (?) told him that cigar-smoking was an antidote for the smell of the paint, and would make his health better, and very soon our ex-Officer had so mastered the art that he smoked regularly

Fifty Cigars a Week.

In about six months he had evolved from a full uniformed Salvationist to a fashionable worldling, dressing up in the latest style, and spending his Sundays in card-playing; all this while he still professed to be a Christian, but never attended church

Mixing up with bad companions, he he was soon weaned from his home pleasures and the companionship of his darling wife. On several occasions, when she would question him as to his late hours, he would lie to her, but one Sunday afternoon she went to a certain friend's (?) house, and caught him at cards.

Hell fairly seemed to open her mouth for the man so rapidly was he rushing to his doom. In his wanderings he reached the town of Devil's Lake, where he soon found work. He would drop into the Salvation Army Barracks whenever opportunity would permit, but after meeting would congregate with some companions in a "blind pig," and there carouse until after midnight.

Very much under drink's influence, one Monday night, he strayed into the meeting, was dealt with about his soul, but without success. The following Wednesday he was again in the meeting, under the influence of liquor again. In the prayer-meeting he staggered to the penitent-form,

A Fit Subject for Hell,

but pleaded God's mercy and prayed the publican's prayer. God heard his cry and he rose to his feet sobered, having the assurance that the Lord had pardoned him again Realizing his weakness, he requested our prayers, to help him over the first few days. God helped and kept him, and a night or two after he stood on the street corner and told his old companions what God had done for him, and his determination to be a true Soldier.

After awhile he and his wife became reconciled, and to-day Elijah Morgan and his darling wife are enrolled Soldiers of the Devil's Lake Corps, where they can be found any night on the street or in the Barracks, declaring God's willingness to save to the uttermost all who will come to Him. And also of the little "Heaven on earth" their home is to them now.

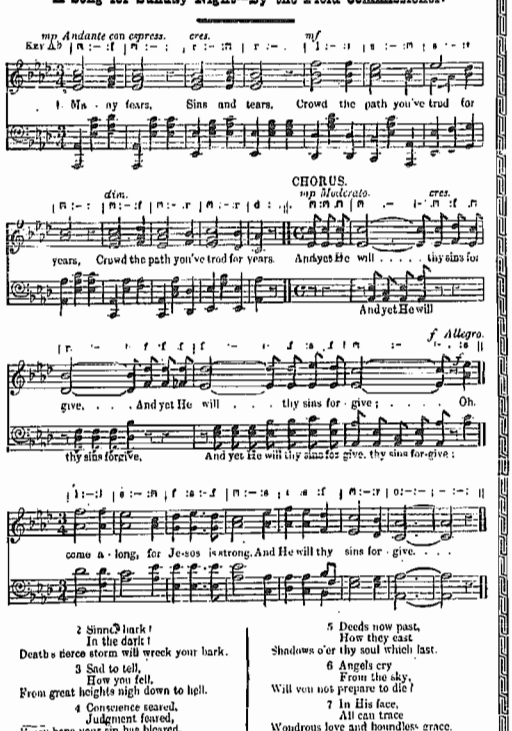
"None need perish
All may live for Christ has died."

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT,
Devil's Lake.

CORNWALL, ONT.—The Lassies' String Band, under command of Mrs. Major Sharp, have just visited us. The meetings were a success. Cornwall people appreciate a good thing, and came along in fine style, filling the new Barracks every time. In fact, they were captivated. Five souls sought cleansing and pardon during the meetings. Just recently five others have come back to the fold. Praise God!—A. Tilley, Ensign.

HE WILL FORGIVE.

A Song for Sunday Night—By the Field Commissioner.



2 Sinner, hark!
In the dark!
Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark.
3 Sad to tell,
How you fell,
From great heights nigh down to hell.
4 Conscience seared,
Judgment feared,
Every hope your sin has bleared.
5 Deeds now past,
How they cast
Shadows o'er thy soul which last.
6 Angels cry
From the sky,
Will you not prepare to die?
7 In His face,
All can trace
Wondrous love and boundless grace.

A LIEUTENANT KNOCKED-OUT.

Interesting Experiences of the Pacific Minstrels—Surrounded by Indians—Hard Floors vs. Feather Beds—In a Caboose.

"Accidents happen in the best regulated families," Ours must be a well-regulated family, because there are always accidents happening in it. Lieutenant Julin was driving Brother Brooks' dray down Helena Main Street, when he was pitched out, and carried unconscious to the nearest doctor. No serious damage done, but it made the Drunkards' Home for Saturday night an impossibility. Sunday, day of victory. March at night a sick affair, demonstrating the Army in Helena very much alive. Solid meeting inside; three young men in the Fountain.

ELLISTON.—Crowd small, fairly good time. Long drive previous, all hands pretty tired. After meeting camp kettle made its appearance. That cup of tea was "out of sight." No billet, soft side of a school-room floor our resting place, no supper. Commercial man aboard with lots of cold roast beef and bread. He takes in situation, invites the crowd to share the plunder. Smiles (satisfied ones) and sighs of relief. Lieutenant Lester folds her arms and looks "Independence"; all feel gay. In return for kindness shown we sang a few sweet ditties, in which comes a bump, and out we troop.

Clinton, 7.35 p.m.

Cannot have inside meeting; big political "spot" on. Fifteen minutes open-air good collection, then we go and study politics for the night. One speaker made very kind remarks about us; said he took it as a very favorable omen that Salvation lads and lassies had struck town that particular night. Soft side of a plank once more, and trying to dream of feather beds.—J. B.

We have had a Banquet and Jubilee for the Junior Soldiers at Chesley, Ontario. The Juniors did their part well. The proceeds, about $10.00, have gone towards getting clothing for the Officers. We also had a glorious time at Sharon Methodist Church. Eight or ten stood up for prayer.

As usual, a few profound remarks were passed by members of the troupe, then silence, save for sundry groans and so on.

Over rugged pine-clad mountains, through rocky canyons, across miles of rolling prairie, and on down beautiful valleys we jog along.

Deer Lodge.

Methodist Church kindly loaned by Rev. Mr. Lee, who was kind in the extreme. Here two nights. Church packed both meetings.

Drummond.

Somehow on the road we got mixed up with a crowd of Indians journeying to Missoula; with Indians in front and Indians behind we looked interesting. People very kind at Drummond, grocer replenished food box free of charge.

QUIGLEY was to have been our next stopping place, but distance too great and we stopped over at Bonita. At Bonita we found a section house, a saloon, a barn, a freight train stood in the depot. Eight miles further is Clinton, population a hundred. Team can't make it in time, but there is a freight train. Hurry! Scuffle! All aboard in the caboose, but

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THE SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN

IN

EAST ONTARIO.

By CHANCELLOR HARGRAVE.

The Provincial Officer and the District Officers in Council and discussed Self-Denial.

The District Officers of East Ontario have, without exception, pledged themselves to get their District targets. They are now planning for a rousing success.

The Provincial target is $4,640.00.
Here are the District targets:
Brockville Seniors, $437.00; Juniors, $38.
Cobourg Seniors, $425.00; Juniors, $20.00.
French Seniors, $330.00; Juniors, $20.00.
Kingston Seniors, $410.00; Juniors, $155.00.
Montreal Seniors, $955.03; Juniors, $130.00.
Ottawa Seniors, $655.00; Juniors, $100.00.
Peterboro Seniors, $306.00; Juniors, $59.00.
Sherbrooke Seniors, $269.00; Juniors, $26.00.
G. B. M., $50.00.
Totals, Seniors, $4,041.00; Juniors, $599.00.

Challenges will be announced next week.

I have a post-card before me now, which says: "I challenge Peterboro (fancy that, Adjutant Wiseman!) for Self-Denial. This is from our worthy and loyal friend, Adjutant Blackburn. I wonder what Peterboro and Cobourg will have to say to that. Compare their targets, then watch for an interesting struggle.

What about the Juniors? Kingston throws down the gauntlet to the Province. Yes, goes further, and challenges any Junior Soldier Corps in the Territory.

What does Montreal say?

It was a very near thing last year. I should like to see this challenge responded to. Kingston is alive and means business.

Somebody send us a few startling challenges.

Can't Peterboro take the wind out of Kingston? Adjutant Wiseman is well-known as one of those individuals who always does what he makes up his mind to do.

Which Band will challenge another? Now Kingston, Peterboro, Montreal I., Ottawa, where are you?

Don't all speak at once

What about the Field Officers? To a man we believe they will rise up and proclaim their determination to make this Self-Denial a blessed triumph.

What will our Soldiers do? They will rally to the right as in the past, stand by their Officers, throw themselves into the Self-Denial effort with that energy, love, faith and zeal which ensures success.

Remember, the goal can only be reached by steady, persevering, untiring work. Work as though the entire success of your Corps depended upon your individual effort, and you will go right ahead of last year.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Phil. iv., 13.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

LIEUTENANT BAILEY, Rat Portage, to be Captain.

CADET DOWNEY Special Work, to be Lieutenant.

CADET BROKENSHIRE, Trenton, to be Lieutenant.

MARRIED—

At the Salvation Army Citadel, London, Ont., on October 14th, by Brigadier Margetts, Ensign Creighton, of Chatham District, to Adjutant Lowry, of Hamilton District.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

The battle cry of every Corps in the Sherbrooke District is "Self-Denial."

During the past week we have had the joy of seeing twenty precious sinners getting saved at Litt'e Current. Thank God.

Brother McFarland reports grand doings at Lisgar Street. He says an ex-Officer has returned to the fold and acknowledged his transgressions.

On a recent Friday night at Brandon, one soul sought God's Salvation, and at Sunday's Holiness Meeting, a wanderer returned to the fold. On Sunday night, in the meting led by Captain Hewitt and Lieutenant Burns, another soul got pardoned. At the Monday night meeting three more got liberty, and on Wednesday another found the Saviour, making a total of seven, for which we give God all the glory.—C. H. Lepard.

Self-Denial War Cry

With a Special Contribution from the Field Commissioner

Next Week.

DON'T - MISS - IT.

War Cry.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN NORTH-WESTERN AMERICA.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost, and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.

Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

Wonderful Conversions.

LAST WEEK we dealt, so far as space would permit, with the Social work of the Army in this Territory. This week, wonderful conversions are our leading topics.

—:o:—

OF COURSE, what this and the foregoing War Crys have outlined concerning the Social and Spiritual work are but tiny snap-shots out of the great mass. Volumes could be filled with stories more marvellous than fiction; but other matter which must be inserted crowds in upon us, and leaves us space for but a very few.

—:o:—

ENOUGH has, however, been written to convince the most prejudiced of the fact that a Divine Presence is moving mightily in the Army to the temporal and everlasting benefit of the masses of the people.

—:o:—

ARMED with such facts as we have supplied this week and last, no Self-Denier need fear a receiving any personfrom our millionaire citizens to the poorest arrival in the country, for a donation.

—:o:—

OBSERVE! We have not gone back to ancient history. Present day miracles performed by Jesus Christ through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army here in our country amongst our own citizens are the credentials with which we present the country on the one hand, with the other we hold out a collecting card that all may have, at least, some share in the progress and increase of this good work.

—:o:—

OH, GLORY TO JESUS! How our hearts have thrilled as these records of "Wonderful Conversions" passed through our hands for editing and typing. They speak most distinctly, declaring as plainly as if an Angel from Heaven proclaimed the message, GOD IS with the Salvation Army. And, as dying John Wesley remarked, that is "BEST OF ALL."

—:o:—

The Army to the Rescue.

It will delight the heart of every War Cry reader to see, from our news column, that the Field Commissioner wired Commander Booth-Tucker's big meeting on behalf of the Armenian refugees, undertaking to provide food and shelter for twenty Armenians. True it is, that, as a Territory, we are very poor, and it is necessarily more difficult for us to give than for some others; nevertheless, all our hearts are in such sympathy with the Armenians, and our Leader herself has suffered so much on account of their sufferings, that we could not help but put forth a desperate effort to give some practical assistance. We have some Social institutions and when they are full up we will take the Armenians to our homes, for, however poor we may be, those who come here shall feel they have in us genuine brothers and sisters.

—:o:—

MRS. MAJOR COOPER is seriously ill with typhoid fever at Lindsay, Ont. Pray for her.

"THEN ENTERED THAT HANDFUL OF MEN AND WOMEN, FOR WHOSE DESTRUCTION THE VAST THRONG OF ONLOOKERS AND THE SAVAGE LIONS IN CAGES BENEATH HUNGRILY WAITED." Read about the Martyrs' Love, by the Field Commissioner in the Self-Denial issue next week,—blue ink and buff paper.

—THE— Great Refusal.

BY THE EDITOR.

Matthew xix., 16; Mark x., 17; Luke x, 25.

"GOOD MASTER." This is not the greeting of derision, nor of hypocrisy, like Judas' "Hail, Master." It is the sincere expression of a mind convinced, and of a heart deeply touched by the moral grandeur of Jesus.

Who speaks?

It is one who can draw on all the resources of the world around him to minister to his happiness and comfort in life, for he has "great possessions."

It is one who is full of the energy and ambition of youth. Age has not frozen his blood nor stiffened his limbs, for with the impetuosity common to a young, eager spirit and a vigorous body, he RUNS to Jesus.

It is one whose prospects in life are bright, who has, like enough, the favor of his fellows, for he is a ruler of the people.

He represents a very numerous class to-day.

In the circles of Christian culture scattered throughout our land, you may find this young man's counterpart by the thousand.

He is the young man of good Christian parentage, of careful religious training, of upright moral deportment, a keeper of the commandments, popular with the people, respectable and respected, a man of honor, and bright prospects; indeed, as a ruler he is already treading the pathway of fame.

It is such a one who, coming to Jesus, calls Him, "Good Master."

*

Competent critics assert that many of the Pharisees were scrupulously upright men, respected because of their genuine uprightness of deportment. This wealthy young ruler would undoubtedly associate with the best men of his people, and, likely enough, was a student of the law, well acquainted with the Old Testament, and zealous for outward righteousness. Probably he had heard, and may have seen, much of Jesus. The wonderful miracles, something, too, of the sublime teaching of this new Rabbi, who "spoke with authority, and not as the scribes," would have reached him, and we can well imagine that in the blaze of the Divine light emanating from Christ, and under the convicting influence of the penetrating truths received by actually seeing and hearing Jesus, this young man's soul was stirred to its very depths. Witness his action.

Right there, in the public way, he runs and kneels to Jesus.

For a poor leper, or a blind beggar to bow the knee to the new Teacher would be easy enough, but amongst the class from which this young ruler came a far different spirit was prevalent. They had a social standing to uphold and a reputation to maintain. They might condescend to invite the Teacher to a meal in order to quiz him and try the penny length of their measuring line upon His unfathomable greatness, but they would leave His feet unwashed, and neglect those little courtesies which make or mar the pleasure of a visitor in a strange abode.

Not so with the rich young ruler.

To the winds he flings all thoughts of reputation and position.

He has heard the appeal of a more powerful Voice than either of these ringing in the innermost temple of his spirit, —sounding in a deeper place within him that outward voices reach, and under the urgency of the strange Voice and Power which has fallen upon him, he rushes up the road in haste, lest the Master should be gone,—heeding not the publicity attaching to such an action, nor the fact that he is surrounded by those who have known him for years,—and flings himself on his knees before this wonderful Being. Who stirred up such strange and absorbing yearnings in his soul.

As is usual with all who come in contact with Jesus, the things of eternity have reached the proper place in his reckoning; viz., first.

"Good Master!" he cries, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?"

In an instant Jesus, as if seeking ing to know the innermost meaning of this extraordinary exhibition of humility on the part of one so high in social standing, without stopping to answer directly, questions him back.

"WHY CALLEST THOU ME GOOD? There is none good but ONE. That is God."

It is as if the blessed Lord, presenting the young man with the opportunity of his lifetime, said, "You kneel before Me. You call me good, but there IS none good but God, as you well know, and you say I am good, and appeal to me on a matter of highest importance, even eternal life. What do you really mean me to infer? Speak out. Hath it been revealed to THEE? Whom sayest THOU that I, the Son of Man, am?"

Oh, if in the sincerity of his heart the young man had met the "kind but searching glance" of the Master, with a confession like that of Peter, "THOU ARE THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD," he would surely have received in return the Lord's "Blessed art thou;" but apparently the Lord failed to find the answering response which he sought, and went right on to answer the question in a way more in keeping with the young man's past idea of things. (Oh, young man, if thou hadst but discerned thy opportunity, thou wouldst have seen that that "Why" opened the very gate of eternal life to thee and placed thee at its threshold.) I. Jno. iv. 2.

"If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments." (Acts x., 35).

"Which?" says the young man. He is on surer ground now.

"Do not murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honor thy father and thy mother, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

You can almost see hope and animation in the young ruler's face, and is there not a ring of triumph as he replies: "All these have I kept from my youth up." Then, as if to give expression to that great undefined longing which has sprung up within his spirit, and like a finger points him forward to something beyond, something of assurance, of spiritual satisfaction, of an inward witness which will do away with the necessity of asking any man since he will be taught of God, he looks up at the Master once again with the further query, "What lack I yet?"

"Jesus, beholding him, loved him."

This young man, with the irreproachable character, the great humility, the simplicity of spirit, and the eagerness for the things of God, had won the Saviour's heart. Looking at the human spirit before him, in the dawn of a new spiritual life, the Saviour loved him, and this time, it seems to me, in the gushing tenderness of His great heart, opens, not merely the door of Gospel life, but the way to undimmed spiritual communion with Himself, to the very richest inheritance in the new spiritual kingdom He is about to set up, aye, perhaps even to apostleship among the nations.

Yet, like the skillful physician, whose touch discerns, out of kindness, the diseased spot in his patient, the Saviour puts His finger on the place where the young man's life after the flesh centres.

There is no easy way into full fellowship, or, as it is here called, perfection. Death is the condition and the essential condition to it. He who will not yield "the old man" (Rom. vi., 6) to death, will never know the power of the new life. "Except a corn of wheat die it abideth alone." Had there been an easier way, undoubtedly the Saviour would have shown it to this young man, who had already won His love; but there is no easier way, and He at once laid down

THE GREA

"Sell what thou hast

REFUSAL.

and come, follow Me."

the conditions of perfection—conditions not outwardly essential for all, but involving principles which no mortal man can evade if he wishes to reach that altitude of spiritual power in the Divine life which the Saviour calls perfection,—such a test as if undergone, would demonstrate that the young man did yield up his self-life to the very death. "If thou wilt be perfect, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come, follow Me."

* * * *

It is a sad picture which follows. This young man's beautiful simplicity and eager religious yearnings draw out our sympathies.

We wish that the result of his interview had been different. As the picture represents, he had probably risen to his feet when he so hopefully asked his last question. NOW he hesitates before the earnest, enquiring gaze of that wondrous God-Man, until the full meaning of the answer rushes upon his whole consciousness. In an instant, like a house of cards built by a child, falls at the touch of a finger, so he sees the structure of his old righteousness, made by years of careful effort, fall to the ground. There rush, too, before the mind thoughts of home, friends, position, prospects, yea, that whole fair vision which his rosy dreams had painted on the canvas of anticipation—must he forsake all this?

What a picture the scene presents.

The central figure, Christ, with,—may we not believe,—in his holy human face a look of wistful longing, combined with a something of immovable adherence to righteousness. The young man, just now so animated and hopeful, his face gradually shadowing up as he takes in the full import of the Master's reply, shadowing over till all the life goes out, and dejection sits on that young brow. The old Jewish way, with the neighbors of all ranks drawn together by the unique sight of their young ruler appealing to the travelling Teacher passing through their city.

Alas! Alas!! for the young man!

Oh, that his eyes were open to see the true inwardness of the scene. It is God, the God of his fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of the law-giver, Moses, who, in response to the call of a son of Abraham, has unlocked the doorway to princely power and position in the new Kingdom, and now actually stands waiting—the Creator waiting the reply of the creature!

* * * *

Never yet was privilege conferred but it brought responsibility commensurate therewith, and possibility of falling,—falling,—the higher the privilege the deeper the fall.

* * * *

Oh, young man! Thou hast met the great SELF-DENIER, and He would take theo through His shame and pain to His glory and power. Canst THOU deny thyself? Wilt thou let thy few possessions—which are not thine—slit thou let the few trifles thou thinkest are thine stand in the way?

Alas! Alas!! as in millions of other instances, when God has come full up to a human spirit with a clear revelation of life through death, the losing of life to gain it, the spirit shrinks back, the things of time and sense prevail until the vision fades away, and the material side of existence blocks out the light of life. "And the young man turned away sorrowful, for he had great possessions."

Had he walked in that light and paid the price, the world might have been enriched by the writings of another Paul; but he turned away from the very threshold of the spiritual kingdom, and we hear no more of him from that moment. Whether in after years he saw his mistake, and in the great ingatherings following the Pentecostal outpouring stepped from the way of legal effort into that of Life, we know not. The Day will declare it. Certain it is that from that moment there would be a cloud between him and his God which nought but obedience could chase away.

* * * *

The young man's case is by no means rare.

In the Army, and in the societies connected with the churches, of this land, are young men and women to whom Christ comes and has come, as definitely by His Spirit, as He did to the ruler in His earthly form. He finds them partly controlled by the Spirit and partly by the flesh; partly concerned about God's glory, and partly concerned about their own, partly spiritual in their life and service, and partly carnal, righteous outwardly, as men count righteousness, yet well aware that with them it is "some of self and some of Christ."

Going further than the young ruler, who had walked up to his light until his "great refusal," they have, by conversion, taken the initial step into the new life, but they still lie half strangled in their life and service for God by the ever active motions of the carnal mind still uncrucified and warring in them against their efforts to attain to the pure and ideal existence they see portrayed outwardly in the person of Jesus Christ, and inwardly by His Spirit on the fleshy tables of their hearts, and they say this is NOT "glorious liberty," this is NOT "marvellous light;" I am NOT "mighty through God," I am racked by two conflicting forces. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

* * * *

Reader! Are you such a one?

If so, in this Self-Denial period, will you come to the climax of Self-Denial in the experience of a human soul? Will you absolutely and forever surrender up yourself to the very death? Will you deny self as far as to go down into death and burial with Christ, that it may be henceforth "None of self, but all of Thee," that you may be able to say with Paul, "I have been crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii., 20. R. V).

Will you accept Christ to be not only your WAY to God for Salvation, not only the TRUTH of God as the pattern for you to copy in conduct, but as your LIFE—the life of your life—to work in you "To will and to do" of His Father's good pleasure.

Will you?

And will you surender that whole universe of what you call yours—ambition, prospects, goods and so on, in all its length and breadth,—and henceforth hold it all but as God's steward, to be used as He directs?

Will you?

If your answer is "I will," then will that same Jesus take unto Himself, by His Spirit, thy spirit, and they twain shall be ONE, and out of that union shall spring a life of blessedness and usefulness, whose fruit shall be to all eternity.

NEXT WEEK'S WAR CRY

Will be a Self-Denial number and contains articles from noted writers, and will be printed in

Blue Ink on Buff-Colored Paper.

"Love is All."

By THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

"Ex-Sert. Demas and His Lamentations."

By THE GENERAL.

The Chief Secretary continues his Self-Denial Notes.

On the centre pages will be a beautiful picture of the Martyrs.

"One is Not."

An Allegory by ESSIGN PAGE (L.L.P.)

SPECIAL DESPATCHES!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

AND THE EAST.

A Message From Staff-Captain Gage.

Perhaps you and your readers are wondering how we like our new Commissioner in the East. On behalf of the Staff and Field Officers and our dear Soldiers, let me say, we are entirely lost in love for her. She has completely won everyone, high and low, rich and poor, old and young are delighted far beyond our expectations. Her loving words, and still more, her loving spirit in our Councils, cannot and will not be forgotten. Every officer was blessed, encouraged, lifted up, as she talked to us. Love her? Who could help it? Some wanted to kiss her (the sisters, I mean) and I would not wonder if the brothers did not also. We consider her meetings were among the best ever held in this city. We look forward with great expectations and bright anticipations for another visit soon, when other District Centres will enjoy the privilege we have just had. Yours in His service, Staff-Captain Gage.

—:o:—

LIPPINCOTT.—Adjutant Pease and Ensign Welch, Dot and Jai present Sunday. Day of victory. In afternoon Adjutant asked every one who testified to state: 1. Where they got saved. 2. When they got saved. 3. Why they got saved. Also sing first chorus they ever heard sung by the Army. Night open-air and inside meeting specially good. Adjutant Pease speaking on Naaman, Ensign Welch of her conversion, and Dot singing "Yet He will thy sins forgive." No visible results, but excellent work accomplished, as has been testified to since. G. O.

—:o:—

Temple, Toronto.

Great Salvation Day. Staff-Captain Minnice, District Officer, leading, assisted by Adjutant T. Hughes and Provincial Staff Band. Big crowds, and best of all, five souls.—J. O. P.

—:o:—

The General Secretary and Mrs. Major Gaskin at Richmond St.

Major and Mrs. Gaskin, with Headquarters' Staff Band, made this their battlefield for the week-end. The music proved a tremendous attraction both outdoors and in. New interest excited in Salvation Army's operations in neighborhood. Congregations larger than for months past; collections trebled. Band played and worked magnificently. Hand-to-hand struggle with the enemy. Great and general conviction. Results to follow.

—:o:—

Major Read and Staff-Capt. Smeaton at Lisgar St.

Phonograph Fight—11 for Pardon and Purity.

Four holy, God-convicting, inspiring meetings Lisgar Street yesterday. Results, eleven souls, all volunteers. Two sisters at the cross before night prayer meeting. Full Barracks afternoon and night. Five sought The Blessing 11 a. m. Six seeking Salvation 10 p. m. Afternoon phonograph service enthused the crowd. Huge success. Death-like silence prevailed as talking machine discoursed Salvation songs. Adjutant Byers, Cadets and Soldiers fought valiantly. Bandboys did nobly. Barracks packed; whole place roused. Major Read and Staff-Captain Smeaton divinely helped and inspired. Hallelujah!

THE TOUGH OF THE TOWN.

Saved at Edmonton.

The most wonderful conversion in the history of this Corps is that of Brother James Kelly, who has been the "Tough of the town," so to speak.

He got converted about eighteen months ago, testifies to a clean heart and lives out his testimony in every sense of the word. That he is a loyal, brave and true Soldier is evidenced by the fact that he is the Junior Sergeant-Major of this Corps.—Regular Correspondent.

"IN THE DAMP CELLS, ON THE RACK OF TORTURE." See next week's Special Blue and Buff Self-Denial Cry for the Field Commissioner's article on "Love is All."

Two Hallelujah Weddings.

Ensign Creighton and Adjt. Lowry, at London, and Ensign Edwards and Lieut. Secord, at St. John.

AT LONDON.

Adjutant Cass had arranged for a meat and fowl supper, to be served from 5.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., and about 200 people partook of the good things.

At 7.30 the march started from the Citadel, and paraded through the principal streets. The sisters were adorned with white sashes, and thus finished up the announcement of the wedding.

The Auditorium, which seats 425 people, was filled. All the visiting Officers met at Staff-Captain Turner's quarters and formed in procession, with the bridal party, and marched to the platform. Brigadier Margetts, who was master of ceremonies, called upon several Staff Officers to pray, and Mrs. Adjutant Hunter soloed "Blessed Jesus," after which Adjutant Hunter was asked to give his experience of married life, he having almost five and a-half years of the same. One of the single brethren enjoined him to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He concluded his remarks by advising all the young men to make sure they loved, then go ahead. Staff-Captann Turner read from the Book of Books, after which the Brigadier made a few remarks, and read the Marriage Regulations. The contracting parties agreed to these, and standing up, were shortly pronounced by the Brigadier "to be man and wife, whom God hath joined together," etc. The groom saluted the bride with a kiss, which brought down the house.

Several congratulatory telegrams were then read. Ensign Creighton soloed, "I have taken up my cross," and spoke definitely to the effect that "We will be more out and out, if possible, in the future than ever before."

Staff-Captain Smeeton congratulated Ensign and Mrs. Creighton, and Mrs. Margetts gave some good advice to all. Mrs. Ensign Creighton next stepped to the front and was again greeted with loud applause. She spoke very decidedly as to her intentions still to go forth in the same spirit as in the past.

After the public meeting, a social tea for the Officers and Soldiers was served in the small hall. We closed with clasped hands all around and sang a consecration song.

A. S. H.

—(:)—

AT ST. JOHN.

What first met our gaze when entering the Charlotte Street Barracks, St. John, N. B., on the evening of October 15th, was a beautiful cedar arch, erected in front of the platform, and entwined with what represented white ribbon. Two enormous flags were draped gracefully from the arch. In the centre was a large, gilded bell, and on the very top peak were perched three owls, gazing demurely on.

The meeting commenced with "He's the Lily of the Valley." Prayer was offered, and as we were singing, "Oh, say will you go ?" behold, they came, marching single file up the aisle,—Chancellor Gage, Ensign Edwards, with Ensign Perry as groomsman, and Lieutenant Secord, with Captain Bessie Cumbull as bridesmaid. A tremendous volley was fired. The Chancellor had a few words, mentioning the drawing power a wedding still had. A short, lively testimony meeting was led by Adjutant Alkonhead, then the long-looked-for time arrived.

The Chancellor having but recently obtained the power to perform marriages, and this being his first attempt, every one was anxious to see if he would tie the knot well. As he read the marriage service, the bridal party bravely stood forward, and with an air of "I mean business," brought forth the "I wills" with no uncertain sound. They were pronounced man and wife. Prayer was offered, and they resumed their seats.

Captain Marney sang, "Climbing up the Golden Stairs."

Captain Jennings said it was good to be married.

Captain Steiner caused a laugh by saying he didn't know very much about it, only what he had heard.

Ensign Adams, Toronto's long-fellow, who is succeeding Ensign Edwards as cashier, was accorded a welcome. He felt quite at home, and "liked the atmosphere of the meeting," so he said.

The Chancellor read a telegram sent to the happy couple from Major and Mrs. Howell, of Toronto, also one from Adjutant and Mrs. McGillivray, of New Glasgow, extending hearty congratulations, best wishes, etc.

Ensign Edwards, all smiles, rose up: "If any one shou'd be happy and pleased to be here," he said, "it is I." He then had a few words of farewell, thanking the people for their kindness the past two years he has labored here as cashier, and especially mentioning the press, officials at the post-office, banks, etc. Mrs. Edwards also spoke, mentioning her determination to leave her all in the hands of God, being confident that He would be her sufficiency in the future as in the past.

Ensign and Mrs. Edwards are true and tried Salvationists. They have served nine years between them as Salvation Army Officers in the Maritime Provinces. The Ensign had several field appointments before taking the position of cashier at the Provincial Headquarters two years ago. Mrs. Edwards has been engaged in field work. They have been faithful, godly, hard-working Officers, and at their different stations were loved and respected by all who knew them. They are appointed to Fredericton, one of the principal Corps in the East.

CAPTAIN WHITTAKER.

N. B.:—Sam Sorter wishes our happy comrades all the good things possible, and trusts that they will now have double success and victory in fighting the battles of the Lord.

EMERSON CIRCLE.—Banquet at Joliette a time of musical exhilarance. Great assistance was rendered by our Methodist friends.

CARBAGE MIKE, a Peterboro Salvationist, was heard to say while testifying, that the breath of a man who drank whisky and used tobacco was enough to drive a dog out of a tanyard.

COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary.

What He Thought, and Saw, and Heard, About Greatest Increases in the Provincial Self-Denial Totals

DOZING ASLEEP, possibly not too much awake, while considering the situation of the war at the moment, my thoughts moved with lightning rapidity, my spirit flitted from Newfoundland to the Pacific. I imagined I heard words of great men in great positions, not, of course, intended for publication. It could truthfully be described as great men on great matters. The scenes came vividly before my mind. Sometimes I even thought I heard the words of these great men. Here are a few extracts. Space is too precious for full details.

—:o:—

PLACE: The Great North-West.

PERSONS SPEAKING.—Major Bennett and Major Collier.

MAJOR BENNETT: "There is no mistake, the North-West is the place for Self-Denial. The people are such a whole-hearted lot, nothing mean or stingy about them. I am in for keeping quiet and giving everybody a surprise. We did it for Harvest Festival, and we can do it for Self-Denial,—greatest increase on last year,—we are there."

MAJOR COLLIER: "We will need to be wide awake. The other Provinces may be just as hard at it as we are. West Ontario needs watching. The Pacific, if they possibly can, will get above us. It does not suit their constitution at all to be second to us. I am very much afraid it will read West Ontario at top, Pacific second, North-West third, and all the other lesser lights somewhere lower down."

MAJOR BENNETT: "I am surprised at you! Pacific above us! Not if I know it! Nor yet West Ontario,—nor any other Province! I feel annoyed at you for saying such a thing. I tell you what we will do; we will write all the Officers asking them to do extra than their targets, enough to make up a total of a thousand dollars; surely that will take the wind out of their sails. Now, don't you let the Chief Secretary know, or the next thing you will see it appear in his notes. What a surprise it will be to Brigadier Margetts. I don't care for anybody else. Just fancy you mentioning the Pacific! It will take days to forget it."

PLACE: A Small Office in St. John's, Nfld.

(Quite a journey from the North-West.)

Major McMillan's Voice is Heard.

"Mother, can you spare a minute ?" The person referred to is Mrs. McMillan. Mother appears.

"It is the Self-Denial we are on with again. I wish it was over. I feel SO anxious about it. I don't know why I should, I'm generally a good beggar. I am most anxious to bring the Island to the front, and let the other Provincial Officers see what we can do. An increase on last year is what I am after, greatest increase to the top. I have just scribbled down what I think should be the thing.

GREATEST INCREASES.

How the Provinces stand:

First, Newfoundland, Major McMillan, Provincial Officer.

"How does that look, mother ?"

MRS. McMILLAN: "Looks alright. Just the place for Newfoundland. I believe in it. Won't do to let the other Provincial Officers think that Newfoundland can't do anything. With the interest created by the Commissioner's meetings, St. John's alone ought to make a mighty advance. What nonsense we have heard from time to time about our POOR country! I'll back them against anybody in the world. It does not depend upon whether the people are poor; it's hearts! hearts!! HEARTS!!! It's people with hearts that give. My advice to you is, don't boast too much. If you don't get top, then you can easily slide into third or fourth, but mind you, nothing below that!"

—:o:—

PLACE: Pacific Province Headquarters, Spokane.

PERSONS SPEAKING—Major Friedrich, P.O., and Staff-Captain Southall, Chancellor.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH: "Good morning, Staff-Captain Southall!"

"Good morning. How are you, Major ?"

MAJOR FRIEDRICH: "How am I ? I don't know what's happened to me; I can't be well; my pulse is so irregular, and my temperature too high; my appetite's poor; and now, to make matters worse, I am haunted with dreams at night. Why, last night I awoke up in a fright thee times with visions of SELF-DENIAL. In my dreams I saw an advance copy of the War Cry. What do you think ? Actually the North-West was above us for greatest increase on last year. It gave me such a shock that I awoke. I tell you I am thankful it was only a dream. The Lord used to speak through dreams, and it may be that it was intended as a warning to us. Anyway, I want you to understand it is not my intention to play second fiddle to anybody."

STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHALL: "I am so sorry, Major, you feel so badly; I have felt the same many a time. Such a thing as the North-West beating us MUST NOT BE. Fie! Major not the thought! Tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the Pacific Province that such a thing is possible. It should not be—cannot be—SHALL NOT BE as long as you and I have breath in us! Here's a plan: You go and get a Turkish bath and a tonic and you will be alright. I will write a confidential letter to a friend in Winnipeg to find out on the quiet what friend Bennett is doing, and let us put on more steam."

MAJOR FRIEDRICH: "I can't deny it, I am anxious. I must get better. I think we will write all our Officers, begging them by everything that is sacred and solemn to do more than their target. We must push around ourselves, either you or I will need to go and see some of these people that have lots of money. I want you to understand that if we don't get there, I SHALL HARDLY EVER GET OVER IT."

(To be Continued).

Search Your Cupboards

And send all the garments you can spare for the Women's Social work. Not only in the Rescue and Children's Homes can these be made good use of, but the League of Mercy members come in contact with pitiable cases of destitution, and will be able to give away clothing to the very best advantage.

Any kind of clothing and boots will be acceptable. Send prepaid to Major Mrs. Read, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

MILES CITY, MONT.—We are fighting away here single-handed, Lieutenant and myself, and looking forward to the time when we shall be able to say we are more than two. Meetings are getting better. The prayer of our hearts is, Lord, save souls.—Ensign Wale and Lieutenant Hagen.

VIRDEN.—We held a meeting at Palmerston School-house, twenty-three miles from town. Large crowd and fairly good meeting. Captain Thomas, of Brandon, with us Sunday and Monday. We expect to do as well in Self-Denial as we did in Harvest Festival.

There passed away to Glory just lately from Montreal Brother Piddle. He was not a Soldier, but gave God the glory for saving him and for ten years lived a holy life.—W. G.

COMMISSIONER HIGGINS

The International Travelling Commissioner, in the Pacific Province.

Commissioner Higgins, accompanied by Ensign Dr. Nice, has just concluded his visit to five Corps of the Pacific Province, and his meetings have helped to give information to friends and to encourage us all.

Butte and Helena, I presume, will have reported to you their meetings.

At Spokane the Commissioner's talk was much appreciated by all who were present. The Commissioner spoke forcibly, and his rehearsal of his tour in Kaffirland was delightful. Dr. Nice is

An Accomplished Violinist,

and it was quite a treat to listen to his music. It was a great pity that the Doctor's coming was not known, as an announcement of it would have helped considerably to bring crowds.

The week-end was spent at Victoria, where we had some powerful meetings. Doubtless Sergeant Annie Reilly, the Local War Cry Correspondent, has sent you a full report of the same.

Vancouver turned out well for the occasion. We had secured the spacious Market Hall, and the crowd justified the taking of the same. Commissioner Higgins spoke at some length on the principle and the growth of the Salvation Army very interestingly, and then called upon Dr. Nice for some music, to which every one listened with rapt attention. The Commissioner then spoke of the Local work of the Salvation Army with vigor, and when he reached the Farm Colony, and described the cabbages and pigs, on Hadleigh Farm, his eloquence increased in leaps and bounds, until

The World's Record was Smashed,

Tuesday night was to be "a night off" for the Commissioner, but he kindly offered to take the meeting the second night, and we all much enjoyed his talk before the public meeting to the Soldiers and Officers.

After a short march and open-air, we commenced with "Gird on the Armor." Dr. Nice sang a solo, and then told his own life story touchingly,—how he came down from a surgeon in the

Imperial German Army,

to the condition of a tramp in the streets of New York, with hardly any shoes on his feet. There he met the Salvation Army, and found the Saviour.

The Commissioner followed with a practical talk on the wisdom of building on a safe foundation.

On Wednesday morning we said goodbye to Commissioner Higgins and Dr. Nice, and pray that their visit to the Corps of the Northern Pacific may be much blessed and appreciated. We have profited greatly ourselves, and trust to see them back again.—B. F.

Bar-tender: "Oh, she's alright Bob. These Hallelujah girls are the only women that ever come in my saloon. I always buy the Cry."

Bob: "Guess I'll go and join 'em tonight—I'm gettin' to be a boozer."

MAJOR BENNETT IN DAKOTA.

Two souls found Salvation at the Jamestown meeting, led by the Provincial Officer, on Monday night.

The Provincial Officer and Adjutant Gale report good crowds and splendid collections at their Valley City meeting on Tuesday night.

A great political demonstration and parade, with about 500 torches, took away the crowd from Major Bennett's Fargo meeting, but the Soldiers stuck to their guns, and a poor backslider came to the Cross.

Major Bennett says that Captains Isaacson and Cain have got into proper working order at Grafton, and been received well by the Soldiers.

AN S.-D. CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

Capt. Slow-Come and the P.O.

By BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

P. O.—"Come in."

C. S.-C.—"Good morning."

P. O.—"Oh, it is you, Captain! Good morning. Your countenance is familiar; your name, please."

Capt. S.-C.—"My name is Captain Slow-Come."

P. O.—"Well, Captain, what can I do for you? I have been anxious to get a chat with you for some time."

Capt. S.-C.—"Thank, you, Brigadier; I wanted to speak about Self-Denial."

P. O.—"Oh, praise the Lord! I am glad it is on your mind. Go on."

Capt. S.-C.—"Well, the fact is I was somewhat behind in Self-Denial last year, and was wondering if you could help me to get somewhere near the mark this year. I don't like to be behind all the time."

P. O.—"Good, Captain! I like to hear you talk that way. Any help I can render will be a pleasure. Kindly tell me your difficulties and thus give me the opportunity."

Capt. S.-C.—"Well, Brigadier, in the first place it is very difficult for me to tell all I feel. I sometimes think it is childish to want to bother you at all and I don't want to get misunderstood."

P. O.—"Would you hesitate to tell all your difficulties to your P. O. if your own father were in the position God has placed me in, Captain?"

Capt. S.-C.—"Oh, no, Brigadier."

P. O.—"Did you ever unburden your mind to any of your leaders, Captain?"

Capt. S.-C.—"Indeed I did not."

P. O.—"No one has misled you, then, Captain?"

Capt. S.-C.—"I did not give them the chance. I heard of others, though."

P. O.—"Well, Captain, that is unsafe ground to travel on. Suppose you trust me and see how that works."

Capt. S.-C.—"I'll try. Excuse me asking what is Self-Denial really for?"

P. O.—"I presume you mean,—what was its original object?"

Capt. S.-C.—"Yes, exactly."

P. O.—"Well, Captain, the original and real object of Self-Denial was to benefit the Kingdom of Christ in two senses: (1) To provide financial means wherewith to extend and maintain the missionary enterprises of the Salvation Army in all lands, and (2) To do this in a way that would ensure the biggest blessings being brought to the soul of every man, who, in the true spirit of the thing, takes an active part,—that is, by Self-Denial."

Capt. S.-C.—"But why by Self-Denial? Could we not get the money by an easier way?"

P. O.—"Possibly by an easier way to the flesh, but not by any way so advantageous in the long run. Do you not believe in the principle of Self-Denial, Captain?"

Capt. S.-C.—"Well, I suppose it's all right."

P. O.—"Why, it is the very essence of the principle by which you and I were saved. Heaven denied itself of Jesus. Jesus denied Himself of His royal throne, the glories, the majesty, the grandeur and adoration of the Celestial City to become an outcast, a friend of publicans and sinners, and be despised, rejected, smitten, cursed, bruised and slain, and though He was rich, for our sakes He became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich. Oh, how He denied Himself for you and I!"

Capt. S.-C.—"That's so."

P. O.—"You see, our Self-Denial scheme is run right on that blessed maidline laid down by the dear Master Himself, and in my humble judgment it cannot be improved upon. It is so advantageous."

Capt. S.-C.—"In what way, Brigadier?"

P. O.—"In every way. Did you ever try it, Captain? I mean did you never do or give anything for Jesus which seemed to you going beyond the ordinary and natural, and meant the giving up of something that was precious to you and that you felt you needed, but out of love for Him who died for you you went against your own feelings, or the opinions or wishes of your friends, or at all events in some sense or other looking at it from a fleshly, worldly or monetary standpoint, you had to become poor in order to do or give that something for Jesus, and then in your own heart and experience you found the benefit of losing for Christ's sake that you may gain?"

Capt. S.-C.—"Well, I must confess I've been a little slow in doing the likes of that."

P. O.—"It is rather natural for you to be slow, Captain, is is not?"

Capt. S.-C.—"I believe it is, when I come to think."

P. O.—"I suggest, then, Captain, that you practically try the Self-Denial principle this year, and run with both feet on this Christlike. It is a wonderful spiritual appetizer and will do more to put speed and success into one's work for God and poor fallen humanity than anything I know of; provided, of course, it be done in the spirit of love, and prayer and faith. Why, Paul gloried in it. Christ counted it a joy. Stephen dies it., and Booth-Tucker, after trying it with bare feet on the burning sands of India, and begging for common food from door to door, pronounced it "Luxury." I have just had a wee taste of it personally once or twice, Captain, and I tell you it is simply gloriously grand. Do try it, Captain."

Capt. S.-C.—"I begin to see now, Brigadier, why I failed last year." I didn't glory in it for Christ's sake."

P. O.—"No, you endured it, I guess, Captain."

Capt. C.-S.—"Yes, that part that I couldn't get out of. But tell me, Brigadier, is it because they gloried in Self-Denial that my D. O. and Captain Successful went so high above their targets last year?"

P. O.—"I verily believe so, Captain. It makes all the difference in the world when one's heart and soul is in a purpose, whether it be in getting money, saving souls, running a corps, or, for that matter, writing for the Cry. "Put your soul into it, Captain, and it'll go."

Capt. S.-C.—"But you said, Brigadier, that Self-Denial would be advantageous in every way. Could you tell me how?"

P. O.—"It is like this, Captain, Self is the biggest foe we all have to fight. Selfishness is the very essence of sin. It is poison to spiritual life. It is the very opposite to Charity, which God's Word tells us is the greatest and most precious gift of God, and without which all we are and can do is but as a tinkling cymbal. The more we have of charity, the less selfish shall we become. The more Self can be conquered the better opportunity has charity to reign in us." The practice of Self-Denial is, therefore, good because it keeps the monster Self down and spiritual life grows all the more rapidly."

Capt. S.-C.—"Yes, I see that now."

P. O.—"It means, moreover, power in prayer, Captain. The selfish man may go through the form, say many nice words, and string together some remarkable petitions, but they have no weight with God, and God answers them not. The denying of self,—say of some dainty thing to eat or drink, (which if eaten only sickens the stomach and makes dull and heavy the senses) must be a great advantage, because without it the mind is all the more free to grasp, and the soul to receive and embrace God."

Capt. S.-C.—"Just so."

P. O.—"It will multiply your influence for God and souls, too, Captain. After all, it is not the red braid and silver S.S's. on our collars, or the position or rank we hold that gives us real saving influence. These things are doubtless useful and helpful, but, Captain, it is the spirit we manifest in the performance of our varied duties that causes souls to look up to and appreciate us as their helpers and saviours. The most influential people in that sense are those who are the most self-denying.—our dear General, for instance."

Capt. S.-C.—"I suppose that is it."

P. O.—"Self-Denial delights Jesus also. It must be so. Does it not delight you, Captain, when you have been toiling with the Juniors, (which I have been so pleased to notice you are doing) to see them trying to remember what you told them, and doing what you asked them and following in the very footsteps you yourself have been treading?"

Capt. S.-C.—"Yes, indeed, I can love them all the more, and do twice as much for them."

P. O.—"Just so. And do you not think that is very much like Jesus fee's toward those who do what He told us when He said, "Deny thyself and take up thy cross and follow me?"

Capt. S.-C.—"I see it all now, Brigadier, I'm in for doing it, but I fear I'm detaining you. I wanted to speak to you about the targets and the Sergeant-Major and the Band, and———"

P. O.—"Well, Captain, we'll pray God's blessing upon this, and I'll see you again later about the others. God bless you!"

(To be Continued).

CAPT. BETHUNE. ENSIGN JOST.

St. John, N.B., Rescue Home Officers.

MORE ANGELIC WORK.

Captain Ollis, of Collingwood, felt impressed to visit a village near by, and, taking a bundle of War Crys, she began to sell them from door to door. In answer to a knock at one house,a voice from within bade her enter, and in passing through to an inner room she found a sick old lady bolstered up in bed. She dealt with her about her soul's salvation and learned that she had been trying to find Salvation for some time, but did not know the plan of Salvation. She had the pleasure of pointing her to the Lamb of God, and left her rejoicing in her new-found Saviour. The Captain sold forty-nine War Crys, and a good Salvation her fifty cents to pay her fare both ways.

Halifax Salvationists are having grand times in the open-air meetings. A Sister came to the Cross on Monday night and professed to get forgiven.

Rapid City Outpost, No. II., held a meeting at Brother and Sister Sherris', when Brother Stewart, an old warrior, did some desperate fighting for God. So says John T. Cox.

Captain Guinnie had a proper farewell and a Social gathering at Rat Portage. The people were very sorry to part with her.

At Minnedosa, three people sought Salvation, and one person Sanctification.

Ensign Scobell, Captain and Mrs. Cockerll, and Lieutenant Liston, have been to the front at Ingersoll. The Band lads and lassies are getting a "move on." Several sinners have been converted of late.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Praise God for thirty-eight Blood and Fire warriors on the march Sunday night. We captured twelve souls for the Lord during the week, and had a big swearing in of recruits. Our Barracks is packed with people, who are under deep conviction.

J. M. Dearborn.

Mrs. Major Sharp, in charge of the East Ontario Lassies' String Band, and Junior Soldier Secretary Ensign Burroughs have visited Kemptville, and had rousing times. Three souls sought Salvation, and three the blessing of a clean heart.

MADGE:

The Story of a Miracle.

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

Chapter V.

Cast Adrift.

"He will not chide thee for the sinful past,
Nor turn aside thy tempted soul;
With love as boundless as 'tis free
He will forgive the whole,—
Weary one."

How the wind DID howl, to be sure. As it swept round the corners, its stinging breath seemed to search out every bone in one's body. So it seemed to the shivering, homeless woman who crept along the cold streets of a prairie city.

Warmly-clad pedestrians, with but the tips of their noses appearing from out their fur garments, found it hard to keep warm,—in fact, out of the question.

When the thermometer registers 30 or 40 degrees below zero, it is cold in the North-West, especially when the wind is sweeping across the plains.

"Shall I ever find the place?" wailed Madge, as a great snow flurry swirled up and almost enveloped her.

"What a Foolish Woman

I've been! but if they only give me a chance again, I'll try to give up this drink. I WILL give it up!"

* * *

Through the blinding blizzard she struggled to the street and door of an Army Home.

"WILL they take me, I wonder?" That was the question which troubled her. Twice she had been there before.

The Lion of Judah can Break every Chain.

Once an Army Soldier, seeing her in the Barracks, and knowing her story, had persuaded her to leave her vile sin and the alley where she was so well-known. The first time she had, after a day or two become like

A Caged Lion

untamed, and left the Home in spite of all entreaties. The second time, the "mistress" of the sporting house to which she had gone on running away from the Home, brought her back to the Army.

Her drinking propensities had made her presence intolerable even there. Her companions could do nothing with her.

She was a Woman Fiend

when under the influence of the intoxicating cup. And as her numbed fingers touched the door and her poor body trembled in the storm blast, she wondered if these Salvationists WOULD give her another chance, after all.

Her soliloquy was cut short,—loving hands drew her in out of the cold; loving voices bid her welcome. Poor, frozen creature! All the refinement of other days gone, nothing but a bleary-eyed, dissipated wreck. She was so overcome by debauchery and cold that she slipped from her chair

In a Drunken Stupor.

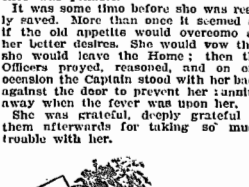
The days and nights that followed were trying ones for the Officers. Madge was on the verge of delirium tremens, but she was tenderly nursed. Her ravings were hideous to hear.

"I'm not in a sporting house! I'm not in a sporting house!" she shouted to the matron. "Are you glad to see me? I could never get you out of my mind when I was away."

The despair and horror of her experience was pitiable.

It was some time before she was really saved. More than once it seemed as if the old appetite would overcome all her better desires. She would vow that she would leave the Home; then the Officers prayed, reasoned, and on one occasion the Captain stood with her back against the door to prevent her running away when the fever was upon her.

She was grateful, deeply grateful to them afterwards for taking so much trouble with her.



DELAYED

Despatches Dissected.

COMMISSIONER HIGGINS and ENSIGN DR. NICE AT BUTTE.

Joe Tippett reports the visit of Commissioner Higgins and Ensign Dr. Nice at the Auditorium. The Commissioner talked on the principles of the Army, and other subjects, and in relating incidents in the early warfare of the Army, he said he was blinded in one eye by the roughs, but he is now serving God with a "single eye to His glory." One man put a ten-dollar bill in the collection. They also said good-bye to Adjutant McDonald, who has been resting, and had a visit from Adjutant Edgecombe and wife, who were on their way to open Livingstone.

Captain Sims, with his Lantern Service, has been at Point St. Charles.

Sister Flo. McLean and Brother George Stuart were married at St. Stephen.

A FELLOW WHO DUPED THE ARMY.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM ! Came to Belleville six months ago. Professed conversion ; was a stranger to the town ; said he had been a Roman Catholic. We gave him a chance ; he got started in business —jewelry, repairing clocks and watches ; seemed to be getting along nicely ; all at once broke out drinking about a couple of months ago. About four days after he left his key next door, said he was going out for a few minutes, would be right back ; that was the last seen of him. We waited a few days, then people began to come in for their watches and clocks. We made an examination, and found he had taken six or eight watches and other valuables. Police failed to find him. His name was Lewis McGrath. Frenchman, small stature, thirty or thirty-five years old ; slight moustache, small features. He was a convert and on the platform about four months ; everybody believed in him.
H. C. KENDALL, Ensign.

WALLACEBURG.—Last night's meeting real battle for souls. Looked as if devil would have his way. We held on to God till one lad, who had never been saved before, though under conviction for a year, came to penitent-form, got blessedly converted. Wound up with march round Barracks, 11.20 p. m.—Lieutenant Hollet, for Captain Whealan.

ORILLIA.—Victory our song. Saturday we sold fifty War Crys on Main Street. Nothing like hand to hand conflict. We are in for desperate Campaign this winter. Have just concluded Local Council of War. Three souls came home Sunday. Rejoicing, music, dancing. Joshua is leading. Your servant is holding up his hands.—Captain Wm. Lewis.

She-bear and cubs caught six miles from here recently.

STOP THIEF !

CHESLEY.—Interest running high. Numbers increasing. Conviction ; believing for big smash. At Holiness Meeting a convert came to the front and laid his tobacco on the altar. To hear the way he prayed for deliverance from the wicked habit no one could doubt his sincerity. Jesus freed him.

Grace Before Meat Box stolen from station last week. Thief arrested by Constable, put in cooler, and sent next day to Walkerton jail. He was a stranger just come to town.

PETERBORO.—Victory ! Praise God ! Some dear comrades who were sick are again at the battle's front. God bless them ! Old-time free-and-easy Sunday afternoon. Many told why they were happy. We don't believe in a long-faced religion in Peterboro. Five souls saved at night.—May Lang.

HOUSE BREAKING AT ST. CATHARINES.

Last Friday quarters broken into while Ensign absent War Cry selling. Parties helped themselves to a meal leaving no clue whatsoever. (Note.—A couple of Salvation Army Officers were seen in town on their wheels. Were these the culprits ?)

Then again on Saturday a couple of Sisters broke into the quarters ; one of them was getting off a ladder into the bed-room window when the sash fell down, and there she hung, half in and half out, till help arrived. These burglars were alright. They came to clean the quarters and get Ensign a nice supper.

We are rising. Band quite strong. St. Catharines will keep hustling. Has any one seen anything of Captain Nathaniel Rowe ?—1st Cornet.

GAVE THE CAPTAIN A LARGE PIG.

WAHPETON, N. D.—After eight months' successful fighting at Jamestown have sold good-bye to friends who bravely stood by us since opening the place. We love them. God bless them ! Thursday night on train, Lieutenant Collins bound for Moose Jaw, your humble servant for Wahpeton ; lovely place in Red River Valley, just on border of Minnesota.

Two sinners found Salvation this past week. One man asked if I thought there was mercy for him. We got him down at the penitent-form, and there he found it for himself. He was drunk but thank God got beautifully saved, proving God could make the vilest clean. People very kind. One gentleman gave large pig for winter.—Captain A. Hurst.

What Salvationists see with their Spiritual Eyes.—No wonder they are so enthusiastic in trying to get you saved.

NEWCASTLE.

Captain Lorimer and Cadet Hayman farewelled Sunday ; left Monday. Their lives have left a mark for the Master. Week night meetings led by different Soldiers. Corps Sergeant-Major again left us to work away from home.—R. C., Carrie Reeves.

PERTH.—One soul Saturday night. Soldiers in good fighting trim Sunday.

RAT PORTAGE.—Captain Habkirk visited here. Devil must have known he was coming, since he took possession of hall for whole week. He seems very fond of doing this, but blessed be God, we don't have to pay rent for the street, so we had some good open-air meetings.

Wednesday we took Keewatin by storm, glorious time. Captain addressed children's meeting in the afternoon at quarters. Quite a number of children present. Pleased to have Captain Bailey with us pro. tem. Captain Dwyer takes her place.

POWER AT PICTON.

Wonderful times here. Captain Hill and Cadet Hind leading on. Two backsliders restored Sunday night. Occasionally we are reinforced by Captain Wilson, that go-ahead man from Bloomfield. Bandmaster Payton and Brother Edmunson, of Peterboro, along ; a deal of Holy Ghost fire, and with concertina and cornet made things pretty lively. God bless them ! Oyster supper Tuesday great success. Motto, "All at it, and always at it !"

NEEPAWA.—Sunday night meeting good. Brother and Sister sought clean heart in morning. Good attendance ; power of God at night. One brother came to penitent-form, cried to God to save him.—R. C., Annie Reece.

BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA.

Bermuda is still in the track of the Heavenly gales. Beautiful meetings all over the island. Officers travel by team and wheel. Sunday, 18th October, two dear brothers came out to attain the knowledge of a higher life. A backslider has also started again in the race for the Kingdom.

Bermuda War Cry Boomers will be heard from. Look out, you people in the North. We have a few rushers here who start out to clear eighty or a hundred and do it, too, so brush up, Comrades, and see how the "vexed Bermuther" Comrades show up in the end of the race.

The Bermuda Band-boys are coming along nicely now. They can play a bit for the Master now as well as sing and pray. One of them remarked in his testimony, "Though the Salvation Army be reduced to two, I will be one of them."
A. Goodman.

OUR PREACHER AT EDMONTON.

Our circle broken once more. Lieutenant Mellride preached her farewell sermon Sunday. She has shared our joys and sorrows as a brave and true Soldier of the Cross only can.

We expect to welcome Lieutenant Clark, of Portage La Prairie. We will never give in as long as there is a fragment of the Yellow, Red and Blue left.
Regular Correspondent.

RED FIRE AT HAMILTON.

Arrived Hamilton safely. Brass Band, fifty Soldiers received us at Station, with banners, red light, and I hardly know what. Rousing welcome. Lovely crowds open-air, barracks ; feel sure going to have big soul-saving times. Like place, people, very much.—Adjutant McLean.

SPRING HILL MINES.—One soul saved last night. We are bent on victory in Self-Denial. By God's help, with the aid of our friends and comrades, we shall reach the target.—D. Hindy, Captain.

MANDAN, N. D.—Enemy tried to burn Barracks twice in one week, but the Lord has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," so Mandan goes on to victory. One soul saved Sunday night.
R. S. Mitchell, R. C.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—God very good to us here. Have not known what defeat means, but steadily march on. On Sunday two brothers made their way to the penitent-form and were blessedly saved. One was under the influence of drink, but arose a sober man saved through the blood of Jesus. Enrolment soon. Expect to make a number of recruits into blood and fire Soldiers.—R. C. Dearborn.

"No Man can deny himself, constrained by Divine love for the good of others, without improving his own moral nature, and giving increased scope for the operation of the Divine Spirit within him"

—*The Late Mrs. General Booth.*

LOOK OUT, THEY'RE COMING!

MAJOR and MRS. GASKIN

lead on the Army forces at Hamilton, November 14th, 15th; St. Catharines, November 16th.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS will visit Millbrook, Nov. 7th, 8th, 9th ; Peterboro, Nov. 10th 11th ; Lakefield, Nov. 12th ; Campbellford, Nov. 13th, 14th, 15th ; Tweed, Nov. 16th, 17th ; Belleville, Nov. 18th, 19th ; Sunbury, Nov. 20th, 21st, 22nd ; Kingston, Nov. 23rd, 24th ; Gananoque Nov. 25th, 26th ; Brockville, Nov. 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th ; Prescott, Dec. 1st, 2nd, 3rd ; Morrisburg, Dec. 4th ; Cornwall, Dec. 5th, 6th, 7th ; Quebec, Dec. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th 13th, 14th ; Coaticook, Dec. 16th, 17th ; Sherbrooke, Dec. 18th, 19th, 20th ; Newport, Vt., Dec. 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE will visit Prince Albert, Nov. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th ; Carberry, Nov. 13th, 14th, 15th ; Winnipeg Nov. 16th, 17th ; Selkirk, Nov. 18th, 19th, 20th ; Rat Portage, Nov. 21st, 22nd, 23rd ; Fort William, Nov. 25th, 26th, 27th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SCOBELL will visit Windsor, Nov. 5th, 6th 7th ; Leamington, Nov. 8th ; Staples, Nov. 9th ; Chatahm, Nov. 10th ; Thamesville, Nov. 11th ; Bothwell, Nov. 12th ; Dresden, Nov. 13th, 14th ; Tupperville, Nov. 15th ; Wallaceburg, Nov. 17th ; Port Lambton, Nov. 18th ; Sarnia, Nov. 19th ; Petrolea, Nov. 21st, 22nd ; Glenrae, Nov. 23rd ; Wyoming, Nov. 23rd ; Forest Nov. 24th ; Thedford, Nov. 25th ; Watford, Nov. 26th ; Strathroy, Nov. 27th, 28th ; London, Nov. 29th, 30th.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN GEO. MOUNTENAY will visit Bracebridge, Nov. 7th, 8th ; Gravenhurst, Nov. 9th, 10th ; Orillia, Nov. 11th ; Coldwater, Nov. 12th ; Barrie, Nov. 13th 14th ; Stroud, Nov. 15th.

THE GREAT BOOM IS NOW ON. IT LASTS TILL THE END OF DECEMBER ! ! !

AN AWFUL SINNER

Finds a Wonderful Saviour—Danced when His Father Lay Dead.

Daniel Levere, Kemptville, Ont., was brought up by parents who neither loved nor feared God, and became a reckless and godless young man. At the age of twenty he went to the woods to work in the shanties, and for seven years spent his winters there in all kinds of wickedness.

One time he left the woods with one hundred and twenty dollars in his pocket, and went to the town, where at the end of six weeks he found himself with only five cents in his pocket, the rest all gone, most of it having passed over the bar. One night, while at a dance, the word came to him that his father was dead, and in using his own words, he says, "Well, I can't help it ; no use me stopping dancing." So he danced the night through.

He came to Kemptville, where he attended the Salvation Army two years, when the Spirit of God took hold of him, and he felt himself to be such a guilty sinner, so he came to the foot of the Cross, where God broke the chain of sin and set his captive soul free, and now for six years he has been a witness to the saving and keeping power of God.
Captain Ward.

"NOT ONLY WERE THERE PRESENT THE CLEVEREST DEVICES FOR TORTURING THE HUMAN FRAME, BUT HELL EVER READY TO ATTACK THE SOUL IN ITS WEAKEST HOUR. TOOK CARE TO ASSAIL THOSE MARTYRS' MINDS WITH SUGGESTIONS OF DISTRUST.—THAT GOD HAD FORSAKEN THEM." The Field Commissioner's article, "Love is All," in next week's issue, will be the means of quickening you to greater Self-Denial.

HELPS TO J. S. WORKERS

For Sunday, November 22nd.

SIN'S REWARD.
Genesis xiii., 3 to end.

By ENSIGN PAGE.

Perhaps some may have thought that sin had no reward, that iniquity merited no recompense; yet the reward of sin is as certain as the reward of righteousness, and, like the latter, is the consequence of the character and life of the man who receives it. The story of the reception of Joseph's brethren by the unknown brother whom they had sold into Egypt is a practical illustration of the truth that sin reaps a harvest and generally of the same kind as the seed that is sown.

Once they had thought Joseph a spy; now they were distrusted as being spies in a larger sense.

Once they had threatened death, now they were threatened with the same.

Once they had sought to slay one of their brethren, now one was taken and Benjamin (their father's remaining solace) in danger.

Once they had oppressed and persecuted, now they were, though unknown to themselves, in the house and under the power of the one whom they had oppressed.

Yet was their punishment tempered with mercy, for Joseph's intention was not to destroy. He was

Teaching through Suffering,

trying to soften their hearts before making reconciliation. Despite the hardness and the cruelty with which he had been treated, there was no bitterness in his heart towards them, and though he feigned anger, his heart was full of love, and when out of their sight he found relief in tears.

How often does God deal with sinners in something of the same way.

He does not prevent the consequences of their sin coming upon them, which often falls upon Joseph's brethren with the heaviness of a blow that was once dealt one to another. But when the sinner has learned his lesson, as with pricked consciences the wicked brethren learned theirs, and remembering the iniquity of the past, God shows them the cross, and the opportunity for reconciliation.

But remember, that no sin, even though it may be forgiven, can be without consequences. Every evil thought, word and deed has its reward, and unless we are careful not only to get forgiveness, but to take care less the sin become a habit, a dreadful harvest of wrong-doing must be reaped one day.

* * * *

GOLDEN TEXT: "What is this that God has done unto us?"

SERGT.-MAJOR COX, Rapid City.

A Grace-Before-Meat Agent

Who Travels Seventy Miles to Collect Cash for Poor Lassarus.

It is said that man is known by the pictures he has in his home, and why not by the mottoes he has up, sometimes? Here are a few from the walls of Sergeant-Major Cox's home:

"Pay Thy Vows."

Have you paid the vows you made to your mother, your sister, your wife, your children, your father, brother, your husband your friends, your Saviour? When death stared you in the face, what promise did you make your God? "Better is it that thou shouldst not vow than that thou shouldst vow and not pay."

Queer Doctrine.

That a man can be a truthful liar, an honest rogue, a decent blackguard, and a holy devil. This will all come true whenever you find a sinning Christian.

Some Solemn Questions.

1. Have you received such a conviction by the Holy Ghost as to make you feel that you would rather die than commit the smallest sin?
2. Have you been born again?
3. Does the Spirit certify you that your name is written in Heaven?
4. Have you been definitely convicted for sanctification?
5. Have you received it definitely as a second work of grace?
6. Has it prepared you for every good work?
7. Are you robed and waiting the coming of your King?

ENSIGN F. McKENZIE.

OUR BOOMING WAR CRY RACERS.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEELS.

East Ontario Again Leads with the Greatest Number of Racers—The Wild and Woolly North-West only has Three—(Oh!)—A Major's Wife Booms the Cry at Spokane.

THOSE WHO SENT COUPONS.

EAST ONTARIO.

Grade I.

George Barrett, Montreal I.	160
Alice Henderson, Ottawa	154
May Wiseman, Peterboro	60
Lieut. French, Ottawa	58
Ensign Kerr, Ottawa	45
Jennie Gilbert, Ottawa	42
Mrs. Dennison, Ottawa	25
Annie McAmmond, Ottawa	20
Mrs. Yake, Ottawa	13
Mrs. Smith, Ottawa	10
Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	10
Bro. Hunt, Ottawa	10

Grade II.

Capt. Crego, Sherbrooke	74
Capt. Ward, Kemptville	62
Lieut. Dora, Quebec	43
Adjt. Mages, Quebec	15
Capt. Blosa, Quebec	10

Grade III.

Lieut. Chappell, Millbrook	95
Capt. Yerex, Morrisburg	50

WEST ONTARIO.

Grade I.

Mrs. Adjt. Cass, London	118
Carrie McQueen, Windsor	100
Lieut. Bragg, Woodstock	60
Mrs. M. Strong, London	59
Capt. Fisher, London	35
Lieut. Moulton, London	35
Adjt. Cass, London	27
Fred Palmer, London	21
Sergt. Norfolk, London	17
Ida Groshaw, London	16
Wm. Palmer, London	11

Grade II.

Capt. Whealan, Wallaceburg	180
Lieut. Culbert, Paris	128
Mrs. Ensign Wiseman, Seaforth	65
Mrs. Hill, Seaforth	15
Sergt. Beam, Seaforth	10

Grade III.

Lieut. Heater, Norwich	68

EASTERN.

Grade I.

Frederick Lean, Windsor	290
Rupert Velnot, Halifax II.	204
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	150
Corporal Irons, Windsor	96
P. Parsons, Moncton	70
Mary E. Ferguson, Charlottetown	39
Sister Crossman, Moncton	15

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Grade I.

Ensign Josh Jones, St. Catharines	100
Mrs. Josh Jones, St. Catharines	56

Grade II.

Capt. Lott, Sudbury	135
Captain Ellis, Collingwood	90
Lieut. Darrach, Bowmanville	79
Capt. Lewis, Orillia	50
Ensign Jones, Orillia	25
Mrs. Dyker, Orillia	25

Grade III.

Capt. Storey, Midland	51
Capt. Brant, Stroud	42

PACIFIC.

Grade I.

Minnie McKibbon, Victoria	110
Ursula Moore, Victoria	80
Mrs. Law, Victoria	54
Adolia Mortimer, Victoria	30

Grade II.

Mae Phillips, Lewiston, Idaho	41
Lieut. Meyer, Lewiston, Idaho	40

NORTH-WEST.

Grade I.

Lieut. Baxter, Jamestown	119

Grade II.

Capt. McKay, Calgary	115

Grade III.

Peter Cook, Hillsboro	36

—:o:—

What Prayer Did.

One of our Officers, when retiring late one evening, prayed very earnestly for God to awaken sinners to see the need of their Salvation. As soon as he had done praying, there came a rap at the door of the quarters. On enquiring what was wanted the answer was: "A War Cry please!" Oh, Lord, make us all War Cry Boomers! (Amen!—Sam).

CADET F. H. BROWN,
Emerson C. C.

* * * *

War Cry Booming in Japan.

We have struck a new line for booming "The Cry," and it is working well. Our Garrison Officers find out when and where the great Buddist gatherings are being held. (They take place at one or more temples every week in and about the city.) All sorts of side-shows gather in their vicinity, and in the evening the streets are full of people, a few worshipers, and a great, curious crowd seeking something new. "The Cry" is having its innings and we are praying.

* * * *

A Soldier at McMinville, Washington, with his horse, cart, and wife, undertakes to sell 100 copies of the War Cry.

—:o:—

HONOR ROLL.

Capt. Johnston, Hamilton, Ber.	204
Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	131
George Barrett, Montreal I.	160
G. E. McKenzie, Galt	120
Sergt. Crocker, Stratford	123
Mary Jones, Hamilton II.	115
Sister McQueen, Windsor, Ont.	100
Sister Masterton, Windsor, Ont.	100
Althea Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	70
May Wiseman, Peterboro	60
Capt. Clark, Stratford	56
Carrie Brass, Hamilton II.	56
Capt. Knight, Campbellton	52
Mrs. Colliver, Spokane (average)	51
Father Dixon, Temple	51
Lieut. Hagen, Miles City (average)	50
Mr. Rodgers, Montreal I.	50
Beatrice Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	43
Mrs. Adjutant Creighton, Halifax I.	42
Ensign Wale, Miles City, (average)	42
Capt. Parsons, Arnprior	40
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	40
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Campbellford	40
Sister Attel, Montreal I.	38
Almina Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	36
Mrs. Graybur, Spokane	35
Mrs. Major Friedrich, Spokane (average)	31
Capt. Barker, Stratford	30
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall, Spokane (average)	29
Candidate Krell, Spokane	29
Mrs. Laboran, Perth	25
Four London Sisters	25
Capt. McCutcheon, Windsor, Ont.	25
Mrs. Capt. Stainforth, Orangeville	24
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	20
Sister Stonehouse, Windsor, Ont.	20
I. Larson, Spokane	19
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	16
Mrs. Chillingworth, Montreal I.	15
Mrs. Smith, Montreal I.	15
Sister Combs, Arnprior	15
Ida Bowron, Peterboro	15
Minnie Woods, Peterboro	15
Annie Blake, Peterboro	15
Mrs. Lloyd, Peterboro	15
E. Southall, Spokane	14
Elisa Bailey, Brampton	13
Sister Cassiem, Montreal I.	10
Mrs. Chatten, Peterboro	6
Mrs. Spencely, Peterboro	4

Captain Sims and Lieut. Nyland, Perth Ont., as they were dressed in a Special Meeting when the Army was tried by Judge and Jury.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 15 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send 50 cents to defray a part of the expense.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—:o:—

1824. REID, PRISCILLA. Married Hugh Summers, a native of Scotland and a boiler-maker by trade lived in St. John's, Nfld. For a time they lived in New York. Last heard from four years ago, was living at Newport, New Jersey. Her father, Joseph Reid, would like to hear from her. United States Crys please copy.

1814. GUILLETT, J. WALLER. About 60 years old. Left Cobourg, Ont., 1872, for Rio Janeiro, South America. Last heard of writing from the London (England) Guildhall Free Reading Room, to his cousin, Miss Harriet Guilett, on January 2nd, 1885, who resided at Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. Her sister, Mrs. Peter Mitchell, of Lindsay Ont., enquires. English Crys please copy.

1815. BUCKINGHAM, THOMAS M. Will any one knowing of his whereabouts write or tell him to come home, as he is wanted particularly by his aunts.

1816. CHAPMAN, ANNIE. Ex-Captain in Salvation Army; was stationed in Bowmanville and Grand Bank, Nfld. Will any one knowing her or her mother's address, please write "Enquiry," Toronto.

1817. ORSHARG OLE, nee YENSEN OLE. Last heard from two years ago. Was then in Brooklyn, N. Y.,—a Swede. Father, Mr. Yensen, Jarvis Avenue, or care Salvation Army Shelter, Winnipeg, is the enquirer. American Cry please copy.

1818. YENSEN, FRED ALFRED. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark; 25 years of age. Came to Canada, June, '95. Last address was Rothwell, Manitoba. The mother earnestly enquires after him. Write "Enquiry" Toronto.

1820. SIDFORD, S. N. Native of London, England. Age, 28; height, 5 ft.; blue eyes, brown beard; wears green spectacles. Left shoulder slightly lower than right. Last heard of when working on the lakes near Buffalo. His brother, R. J. Sidford, enquires. American Crys please copy.

1821. DODD, HENRY. Age 49. Left Toronto 12 or 13 years ago for London, England. His sister, Mrs. John Harris, keeps a green grocer's shop on Roxbon Arrow. His son George enquires. 819 Palmerston Avenue, Toronto.

1806. MACKENZIE, WILLIAM HENRY. Left home, Morden, Man., three years ago, Oct. 5th, 1893. When last heard from was in Toronto May 20th, 1894. Said he was starting for New Orleans. Should he read this notice, will he please write to his sorrowing ones, or if any one knowing of his whereabouts would please write to Mrs. D. N. MacMillan, Morden, Man.

1822. MEARS, JOHN GEORGE. Left the Province of Quebec, 1891, to go to Shrina. Age, 21; light complexion. His sister, Elizabeth Jane Mears, is very anxious to hear from him. Address, Baxter Street, Chatham, Ont. French Cry please copy.

HOLINESS.

Tunes.—At the Cross, B. J., 4; Bleeding Lamb, B. J., 3; Bright Crowns, B. B., 12; B. J., 52; Open and Let the Master in, B. B., 11; B. J., 52.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
And have Thee all my own:
Thee, O my All-Sufficient Good,
I want, and Thee alone.

—:o:—

Tunes.—Come, Brethren, Dear, B. B., 9; Faith's Ascent B. J., 85; Praise, B. J., 143; Willoughby, B. J., 169.

2 O Glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn and wine and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out Thy foes,—the inbred sin
The carnal mind, remove:
The purchase of Thy death divide!
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love.

Headquarters' Staff are going to turn out for an open-air meeting at noon now and again, in place of the knee-drill at the headquarters in the office.

SALVATION.

Tunes.—Thou God of Every Nation; Take Salvation, B. B., 18; Blessed Jesus, B. J., 45; Hark the Voice B. B. 57; B. J., 51; Calcutta, B. J., 29.

3 Pity, Lord, a wretched creature,
One whose sins for vengeance cry,
Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,
Throbbing heart, and heaving sigh.
O my Saviour! Canst Thou let a sinner die?

No! Thou canst not: Thou hast promised
To attend unto his prayer;
Still he cries in faltering accents,
Jesus, oh, in mercy spare!
Spare the sinner; Jesus, oh, in mercy spare.

Oh! how swift divine compassion
Runs to meet the mourning soul;
And with words of consolation,
Makes the wounded spirit whole!
I'm thy Saviour—Let this truth thy heart console.

Sighs and groans are turned to praises
Doubts and fears are chased away;
Now with saints his voice he raises,
Jesus hears his pious lay.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! crowns the day.

Bless the believer, bless the believer,
Save him from his indwelling sin;
Thy perfect love impart,
To every waiting heart,
And stamp Thine own image within.

—:o:—

Tune.—Better World.

5 There is a far worse place than this,
Oh, so hot! Oh, so hot!
Prepared for Satan and his lot,
Oh, so hot! Oh, so hot!
There'll be rich men, speculators, too,
And men who want twice as much as you,
But hearts all cleansed in Jesus' Blood
Miss that spot, miss that spot.

Chorus.—Repeat last four lines.

Then in that place which is below,
Oh, so hot! Oh, so hot!
Where none of you folks want to go,
Oh, so hot! Oh, so hot!
There'll be the drunkard, rumseller, too,
And of bank presidents quite a few,
But that poor man who got saved last night
Will miss that spot, will miss that spot.

Now then, dear sinner, don't go there,
To that spot, far too hot!
But let the old devil go there himself,
To that spot; oh so hot!
Confess your sins to Jesus here,
He is a Friend to sinners dear,
And with a heart cleansed in the Blood,
Miss that spot, miss that spot.

J. PARRY, Fall River, Mass.

A MUSICIAN SAVED.

Four years ago, in a special meeting, led by Major Howell, a young man who played in the brass band of this place, knelt, while drunk, at the penitent-form and gave God his heart. To-day he is Sergeant-Major of this Corps and never fails to give God the glory.

LAURA B. TRAFTON, Captain,
Pugwash.

BRIGADIER JACK ADDIE, of the U. S. One of the First Canadian Salvationists.

FREE-AND-EASY.

Tune.—So Early in the Morning.

6 Salvation is a glorious thing,
It makes all seasons just like Spring,
So fresh and fragrant all the time,
The same in every land and clime.

Chorus.

It doesn't melt in Summer,
It doesn't freeze in winter,
It warms you in December,
It cools you in July.

Salvation, oh, the joyful sound!
The sweetest thing that can be found;
To suit all nations it was planned,
All kinds of climates it will stand.

Salvation twelve months every year,
The devil does not rest—no fear!
Hell's gates are always open wide,
Why close the Fountain of His side?

BRIGADIER J. C. ADDIE.

LEWISTON.—We are having glorious victories in Lewiston. God's work is advancing. Eight more precious souls have been in the Sin-Cleansing Fountain. We have a large audience every night. Our platform is crowded with Soldiers and Recruits, who are getting into uniform.

D. T. Santo.

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The FIELD COMMISSIONER

Do Not Miss the Self-Denial Gift Altar Service at 3 p.m.

At the Temple, Toronto,

Do Not Miss the Self-Denial Gift Altar Service at 3 p.m.

Angels, that are hovering o'er him,
Spread their wings and leave the place,
Bearing now the joyful tidings
Of a sinner saved by grace.
Hallelujah! for a sinner saved by grace.

—:o:—

Tunes.—I Do Believe; I'm Saved Through the Blood of the Lamb, B. B., 3.

4 Jesus, here save us, Jesus, here save us,
Thou Who wast nailed to the tree:
Display Thy matchless power,
Save souls this blessed hour,
And the glory we'll render to Thee.

Trouble the sinner, trouble the sinner,
Show him the state he is in;
And as Thou passest by,
Thy precious blood apply,
And save him from bondage and sin.

Comfort the mourner, comfort the mourner
Who trembles and cries unto Thee:
Thy saving grace display,
Now purge his guilt away,
And bid him this moment be free.

Save the backslider, save the backslider,
Destroy unbelief in his soul;
May he on Thee believe
The witness now receive,
And his spirit again be made whole.

THEY PRAYED FOR ARMENIA AT CHATHAM.

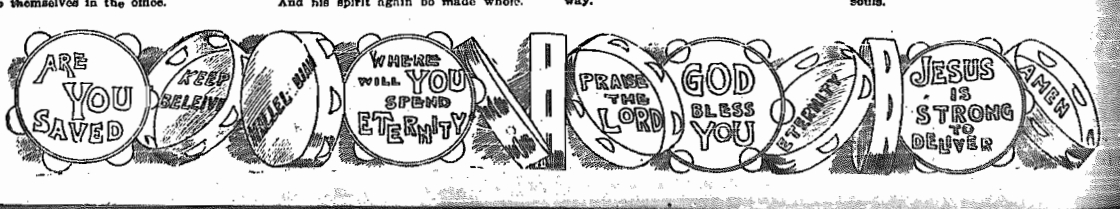
The day set apart for special prayer for the poor suffering Armenians was a very blessed day, and much earnest prayer ascended to Heaven in their behalf. Anstruther Calder, our young Scotch laddie, has farewelled for the field. Brother Matheson has been enrolled as a full-fledged Soldier. Two souls for Salvation and one for Sanctification.—M. F. Ellis.

All Day Self-Denial Sunday, Nov. 22.

Do Not Miss the Self-Denial Gift Altar Service at 3 p.m.

Frank Grey, of Little Current, praises God for the eight precious souls out for Salvation at Honora Bay, one at Sucker Creek Reserve, and four at Shequindah. The Indians at the latter place are going to build a Barracks. Captain Sims, the Grace Before Meat Agent, has been that way with his beautiful Lantern. When you see him ask him who got lost on the way.

Nellie Smith, of Peterboro, visited Havelock, an outpost from Peterboro, on Sunday, and helped on the War splendidly. Three souls have been saved lately.

—:o:—

At Orangeville the battle of Sunday night lasted three hours and a-half, ending up with the capture of three precious souls.